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CONTENTS.

THE WEEK	493	gins, Mary Elmer, and Other Sketches.....	502-503
NOTES:		EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
Literary.....	496	The Nomination of Grant.....	504
Mr. John Morley on Edmund Burke..	497	The Suspension of Specie Payments	505
Gift Books for Youths.....	498	Testimonials in Art and Literature...	506
The Fat of Egypt.....	500	Paris Gossip.....	507
Tucker's Mormonism.....	501	FINE ARTS:	
The Hermitage, and Other Poems.—		Pictures on Exhibition in New	
Our Grammar Schools.—Book of the		York.....	508
Artist.—Cometh up as a Flower.—		CORRESPONDENCE:	
Lotta Schmidt, and Other Stories.—		The Talmud.....	509
Titan Agonistes.—Widow Sprig-			

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The Week.

As a speechmaker, Mr. Johnson, among all his offices, fills none so well as the office of proving that physiological theory which considers the headpiece a piece of the backbone. But his messages have often been not full of obstinacy merely, but have been clever. To whom we owe his latest message, that on the suspension of Mr. Stanton, has not yet transpired. It is a temperate and able document, and would be conclusive enough if it were not that Mr. Stanton is not alleged to have been guilty of misconduct in office, and that the Tenure of Office bill provides that for nothing short of misconduct in office shall a cabinet officer be removed. Of course Mr. Johnson says this bill is unconstitutional, yet it is in obedience to its provisions that he makes this communication to the Senate, and Mr. Stanton's deposition he speaks of as a suspension and not a removal. His reasons for suspending the secretary are briefly these: That he had for a long time found Mr. Stanton at variance with him in regard to reconstruction; that Mr. Stanton knew that the President was not to blame for the non-prevention of the New Orleans riots, yet did not exculpate him when he was charged with the responsibility for that outrage; that Mr. Stanton kept in his own hands, uncommunicated, an important despatch from General Baird which, had he seen it, would have caused the President to take measures ensuring the peace of the city. "There may be those," Mr. Johnson says, "ready to say that I would have given no instructions even if the despatch had reached me in time, but all must admit that I ought to have had the opportunity." Another reason for the secretary's suspension Mr. Johnson finds in the defiant way in which he replied to a Presidential request for his peaceable resignation. As regards the New Orleans despatch, Mr. Stanton explains in his evidence before the Reconstruction Committee how it happened that he did not send it to the President. That he was legally bound to do so, that not to do so amounts to misconduct, seems to be more than doubtful. However, on this head Mr. Stanton will doubtless himself be heard before the Senate judges the case. As to the personal matters of which much of the message treats, they are

shrewdly put by the President, but do little more than show that, like most of the rest of us, Mr. Stanton did not, at the beginning of reconstruction, fully understand the relative powers of the legislative and executive departments, and that, as these were discussed, he gradually took the Congressional side of the question and not Mr. Johnson's.

The National Union Republican Committee have designated Chicago as the city in which the next national convention of the party is to be held. The competition between Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago is said to have been fierce, and of course there is talk of bribery. No one of these cities ever thinks any other one gets any good thing without a previous shameless infraction of all the decalogue to say nothing of the laws of mercantile honesty. The 20th of May next is the appointed time for the meeting of the convention. Thus it would seem to be evident that the Republican leaders expect a laborious campaign and intend to work. The scaffolding put up by the committee pending the erection of the regular platform is a slight structure and has but one plank over which any Northern Democrat needs to stumble; it "invites the co-operation of all friends of the complete extirpation of the principles and policy of slavery." Free trade and protection are not referred to, nor inflation, nor repudiation. However, the Fortieth Congress is to make the Republican platform, and the committee had really nothing to do but call the convention.

A letter, purporting to be written by a member of General Grant's staff, and to be a semi-official exposition of the general's feelings with regard to his own nomination for the Presidency, was published last week, but, we regret to say, proves to be a forgery. It said, in brief, that he did not want the nomination; that if he got it, he would rather get it from "the people" than from either of the two party organizations; that he did not want to be bound to any fixed set of opinions beforehand; that the people must declare their will in the election of Congress, and that he would obey Congress; and, moreover, that if he were elected, he would make no appointments as a reward of political services. There is not a word of this of which most intelligent men would not heartily approve. We do not hesitate to say that, if General Grant were to say all this, and stick to it, particularly the last declaration with regard to appointments, and to assist, by his authority and example, Mr. Jenckes in getting his Civil Service bill through, he would do more for the salvation and perpetuation of this Government than he has yet done in the field. This is strong language; but it is not half as strong as the facts would warrant. Nobody who gets even a glimpse of the way in which the public service is filled, and the way in which the work is done, believes in his heart that this or any other government can stand it for ever.

The mania for buying territory seems to be growing stronger. The last report on the subject is, that the Spanish Government proposes to sell Cuba and Porto Rico to the United States for one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and we are told by telegraph from Havana that "the public heart is beating with anxiety at the announcement," as the extinction of slavery would be one of the consequences of the sale. This extinction of slavery is the only thing that makes it seem in the smallest degree desirable that the news should be true. Even with this prospect, we cannot help thinking that the money would be vastly better spent in educating the freedmen we have than in acquiring more. It is of vastly more importance to the black race that those who are now free should be elevated and enlightened and turn out

well, than that any more should be liberated either this year or next. Moreover, fine as Mr. Seward's performances in the way of acquiring territory and making treaties of commerce look, we do not see what they do for the country except to enable it to grow richer faster. But poverty, or the difficulty of making money, is not our great trouble. Our great trouble is the abundance and variety of our rascals; and we do not see that we shall either "confound their politics or frustrate their knavish tricks" by giving them more territory to operate over. We do not hesitate to say that every inch of ground added to our domain over which we cannot enforce law and order is not a blessing but a curse—not a help to civilization but to barbarism.

No Republican need be surprised, yet almost every Republican will feel lively satisfaction, in reading the famous "letter marked private" which General Grant wrote to Mr. Johnson when Stanton and Sheridan were removed from office, and which only a House resolution has been able to bring to publicity. It was laid before the House on Tuesday. Addressing Mr. Johnson "as a friend," "desiring peace and quiet, the welfare of the whole country North and South," and "feeling that he is right in the matter," Grant declares that the removal of Mr. Stanton would be a violation of the spirit of the law concerning the tenure of offices, and says in effect that his removal and Sheridan's—whom he praises warmly both as a soldier and a governor—would justly exasperate the loyal people. No more will be heard henceforth of Grant as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

Some further correspondence between Lord Stanley and Mr. Seward has been published, in which the former once more, and more explicitly than ever, declines to submit the question of the propriety or impropriety, timeliness or untimeliness, of the course of Great Britain in recognizing the Confederacy as a belligerent to arbitration. He explains, also, that what he asks for is the organization of two commissions, one of arbitration, to which should be submitted the question of England's moral responsibility with regard to the *Alabama* damages; and to the other, the general claims for damages arising out of the war of the citizens of the two countries—in other words, a commission of arbitration and one of simple adjudication. There is not much probability, we fear, of any immediate settlement of the matter, which is the more to be regretted, as General Grant's views on questions of foreign policy are said to be much less sound and sensible than his views on home questions. We are told, for instance, that he is in favor of keeping the *Alabama* matter open, as a hook on which to hang a quarrel with England whenever the occasion offers. We cannot help thinking that America is now old enough, and big enough, to quarrel without a hook.

Mr. Ramsey has introduced into the Senate a resolution looking to a new reciprocity treaty between this country and Canada, providing for an *ad valorem* duty of five per cent. in lieu of the existing tariff, and community in fishing, navigation, patent rights, copyright, and rates of postage, and for the cession by Canada of certain territory in the Hudson's Bay Company region west of 90° long. The resolutions are wise, statesmanlike, and practical—all except that which stipulates that the excise duties of the two countries should be assimilated by "current legislation." If Canada were to assimilate her excise duties to ours, she would be crazy; and the difficulties in the way of assimilating ours to those of any nation under heaven are so great as to make them for the present insurmountable. No revision of them is possible, unless the work be done as a whole, and it can only be done as a whole by a commission of experts, and Congress will not permit a commission of experts to do anything and is not equal to the task itself, so that it really seems as if the case was hopeless. Of course the admission of Canadian goods at a five per cent. duty, without the assimilation of the two excise systems, is out of the question.

General Butler, on Monday last, subjected his financial vagaries to the test of a vote in the House of Representatives. The proposition was to suspend the rules so as to enable him to submit a resolution

declaring it to be the duty of the United States to pay all its debts in paper currency which it had not expressly agreed in acts of Congress to pay otherwise. Of one hundred and thirty-eight members present, eighty-three indicated their unwillingness to countenance the swindle by voting against the resolution.

Admiral Porter writes a glowing report on St. Thomas, the Danish West India island which Mr. Seward has just purchased. He sets forth the excellence of its harbors, its great defensibility against attacks from the outside, and divers other advantages as a naval station. Moreover, its inhabitants are "hospitable to a fault," which we suppose, if it means anything, means that they entertain more than they can afford; and they are particularly hospitable to Americans. But what would John C. Calhoun say—what does Mr. James M. Mason, of Niagara Falls, some time Minister Plenipotentiary of the Confederate States at the Court of St. James, say—on reading in the despatch of an American admiral, by way of commendation of a new territorial acquisition, that the inhabitants whose hospitality he has already dwelt on "are mostly colored, and extremely well educated"? Can these things be, and the solar system continue to hold its own? A South Carolinian or Virginian philosopher may well ask. The King of Denmark's other island, St. Croix, has, however, been conducting itself badly, as if dissatisfied with being left behind, and had last week a first-class earthquake, driving one United States war-vessel, the *Monongahela*, ashore, and nearly wrecking another, the *De Soto*. St. Thomas has also had an earthquake. The King has taken leave of his islands in a somewhat pathetic proclamation, commending them to the protection of the Almighty with an earnestness not altogether complimentary to this country.

The Alabama Convention, which Southern papers have covered with abuse of the kind common in Southern papers, was mainly composed, say trustworthy accounts, of men long resident in Alabama, three-fourths of the whole number, to say nothing of the sprinkling of blacks, many of whom were old Alabamians of good standing in their several communities, and not Northern adventurers, as the *Mobile Times* was fond of saying. Its friends say that no political body so orderly and sensible, and few so able, have ever been convened in Alabama; and if we judge of it by its works rather than by reports of enemies, we are constrained to say the same thing. The constitution which it formed has just been published, and is such a fundamental law as any American State might be well satisfied to own. It sets apart for the education of all the children of the State between five years old and twenty-one, not only the proceeds of all the lands which the United States has granted or may grant to the State for educational purposes, and of all swamp-lands, and of all property left by intestates without heirs, but also devotes to the support of schools one-fifth of the total revenue of the State. Furthermore, the General Assembly may permit the school-district authorities to levy a poll-tax on the inhabitants of the district in aid of the general school fund. It is made the duty of an incorporated Board of Education of the State to establish in each school-district one or more schools. Let us hope that hereafter a majority of white citizens of Alabama may know how to write their names. The rest of the constitution—as the clauses relating to imprisonment for debt, to the right of men of any color to bear arms, and so on—are of equally enlightened character. The illiberality of the disfranchising clauses is more in the reports in regard to them than in fact. They forbid registry as voters to all persons who, during the war, maimed or in any way inflicted unusual or cruel punishment on persons in the employ of the United States, and, secondly, to persons whom Congress or the Constitution (Art. XIV.) has disfranchised. But it gives to the General Assembly power to remove the disabilities of the second class, and there is little doubt that it will be, in the truest sense of the word, the fault of the obstinate secessionists if within three years they are not voting.

For a long time there has been a heavy importation into the lately seceded States of incendiary negroes, with papers on their per-

sons and a brutal expression of countenance. It may not be known to most of our readers that these men are sent out by the Radicals of the Northwest and North for the purpose of organizing revolutionary governments, and wrapping in flames communities already swept by the billows of fanatical oppression. But it is good to know that their efforts have hitherto failed of success. When they are arrested, the negroes whom they have misled generally gather round the officers, and savagely demand Shorter—if Shorter is his name—"for summary punishment." "They would undoubtedly have put him to death," the reporter always says, with an air as if the idea of lynching was shocking to his own feelings, but he was aware of the length to which the negro's brutal passions carry him, when once they are aroused. The whites always interfere, if we may trust the Associated Press despatches, and "persuade the infuriated blacks to let the law take its course." The *Montgomery Advertiser*, of a late date, contains the last account we have seen of the arrest of one of these Northern emissaries. His name was George Shorter, and he claimed to be an agent of certain Illinois Republicans. A letter was found in his pocket decreeing the death of Jerry, treasurer of the revolutionary government of which Mr. Shorter was the head, and calling upon Jeff McCall to levy irregular bands of troops and kill the accused. Of course, the surrounding negroes who had been misled by the demagogue clamored for his rendition, the order-loving whites of Bullock County appeased them, and we fear that the editor of *The Advertiser* thinks with a pang of the fate of his unhappy country with the heel of negro domination on its neck.

Judge Erskine, of Georgia, probably adorns the bench and the judicial ermine about as much, say, as the Honorable Dick Busteed, of Alabama, or Mr. Underwood, of Virginia. Robert Toombs thus describes him:

"Sir, twenty years ago, when you were drinking buttermilk out of a swill-tub in the bogs of Ireland, I was a practitioner before the court which you now disgrace. Fifteen years ago, when I was a senator in Congress, you were selling lager beer from behind the counter of a Charleston groggery, and at no period in ten years has any gentleman seen the time when he could afford to notice you on the streets; and yet, sir, you, who are perjured in accepting the office you now hold, presume to refuse gentlemen the right of practice before you."

Mr. Toombs did not see his way clear to taking the test-oath, we believe, and the judge declined to permit him to practise in his court. It seems good to get a fresh taste of that eloquence which in the great days of a Clay, a Webster, a Benton, a Davis, and a Fillmore "re-echoed round the halls of Congress," as *The National Intelligencer* would say. But seriously, what is going to become of a set of people one of whose "first men" screeches, body and mind, in the manner above set forth? It is a cheering thought that by the new constitution they have provided for common schools in Alabama, and that by-and-by both Toombs and Erskine will, perhaps, be impossible as judges and senators.

Mr. Dickens has fallen among thieves in the sale of his tickets. A large number of the tickets get into the hands of speculators, and are sold for three or four times their value, and, in fact, they are dealt in as regularly, as openly, and as impudently as Erie or Hudson River stock. Moreover, the sales at the ticket-office itself have been conducted in a manner which not only leaves on hundreds a sense of wrong, but a sense of having been "done" outrageously. Whether this is or is not a reasonable feeling we do not undertake to say, but it ought not to exist. There are two things for Mr. Dickens to do—either read on till he has satisfied people or sell the tickets by auction. *The Tribune's* proposal, to sell none till the night of the performance, and then follow the rule of "first come, first served," is a barbarous suggestion, and ought to be indictable, as, if adopted, it would probably result in from two to six homicides a night.

The Prince of Wales, when in this country, had a picture—purchased by subscription from G. L. Brown—presented to him by an organization of gentlemen, of whom Mr. George Ward Nichols was the most active. The Prince, on receiving the picture, handed Mr. Nichols a diamond pin, which the artist believed was intended for him,

but which Mr. Nichols was equally well satisfied was intended for him, and, having nine points of the law in his favor, he kept it. Years rolled on; heart-burning increased. General Knollys, the Prince's equerry, or something of that sort, on being appealed to, solemnly adjudged the pin to Mr. Brown. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher intervened on behalf of Mr. Nichols as *amicus curiæ*, and submitted certain facts and statements which caused General Knollys to revise his decision; and he now, after nine years' waiting, has solemnly adjudged it to Mr. Nichols. Secret circulars have been issued about this unhappy affair, and even legal proceedings have been taken about it in the courts of the State, but we are glad to say that all is now over. But we are bound to add that the conclusion has not been either dramatically regular or princely. The Prince of Wales ought to have given a second pin to the disappointed claimant, and the two rivals could then meet and inspect each other's scarfs without a sigh or a tear.

The Fenians seem to be copying the incidents of the late war as near as they know how. Their first idea was to avail themselves of the English precedent in the *Alabama* case, by conquering Canada, and making it a base for maritime operations against British commerce. The conquest of Canada proved, however, an impossibility, and then a rising in Ireland was ventured on, but proved a pitiful failure. They are now copying the Confederates once more, and have taken to incendiarism in the great cities, and detached outrages, such as those with which we were all familiar here in the winter of 1864. Their favorite exploit of late has been the assassination of solitary policemen. They have now attempted to liberate a prisoner by blowing up a jail, and in the attempt have succeeded in killing and wounding some forty of the other prisoners and jail officials. Blowing up the building with gunpowder is a thoroughly original, and, let us add, thoroughly Fenian mode of getting a man out of prison. The savage atrocity of these exploits is, however, not their worst feature. They are rapidly rousing the tigerish spirit of the English, and drowning the voice of all those who are seeking, by calm and earnest discussion, the settlement of Irish grievances. The Irish are but a handful in the great towns in England, and if the English mob were let loose on them, we should witness scenes which would bring disgrace on Christianity and civilization. Moreover, if the Irish of all the rest of Ireland are a match for the Orangemen of Ulster and of the eastern coast, the characteristics of the two races must have changed more than we believe they have since the last civil war. The Celts are individually as brave as any men in the world, but they want cohesiveness, the power of organization, the grim, dour determination and persistence which for centuries have made them an easy prey to one-tenth of their number of Englishmen and Scotchmen. The English Government has had as much as it could do, for some years past, to keep the Orangemen quiet; it has only to withdraw its hand to produce in Ireland another religious war, as bloody and brutal as any of its predecessors, and ending, we fear, in the same way. In the meantime, Irish reform continues to be the great subject of discussion in England. The Liberals are rapidly coming to the conclusion that neither the abolition of the church establishment nor the grant of what has hitherto been called "tenant right"—that is, the payment of the tenant for the value of his improvements—will now be sufficient to lay the devil of Irish discontent; that something still more radical is needed, namely, the application to Ireland of the plan by which Stein reformed Prussia, and under which the tenant is made the real owner of the soil, subject to a rent-charge. There is danger that anything of this kind will be desperately resisted by the English and Scotch landowners, from the fear that if the change were once made in Ireland, it would not be very long before attempts would be made to introduce it to other parts of the country.

The week's news from the Continent is unimportant. The conference on the Roman question has, as was anticipated, proved a failure. There is some talk of trying Garibaldi, but it is probably only talk. The session of the Italian Parliament was opened with a fierce attack on the Government, and General Menabrea's reply is eagerly looked for in order to light up the dark places of the recent transactions. The stay of the French troops at Civita Vecchia will probably be prolonged indefinitely.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & CO. have in preparation two new volumes by Mr. Francis Parkman, whose "Pioneers of France in the New World" and "Jesuits in America in the Seventeenth Century" are so well known and highly esteemed as very careful studies of little-known episodes in American history. The forthcoming books, which belong to the same series as the others, are entitled "The Discovery of the Great West" and "The French on the St. Lawrence in the Reign of Louis XIV."—J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in preparation works with these titles: "Familiar Letters," by Major-General George A. McCall; Arminius Vámbéry's "Additional Chapters on My Travels and Adventures, and on the Ethnology of Central Asia;" "American Masonic Biography and Cyclopædia of Freemasonry," by Augustus Row, K.T.; "Man's Origin and Destiny Sketched from the Platform of the Sciences," being Mr. J. P. Lesley's Lowell Lectures; Professor James G. Watson's "Astronomy; or, Treatise on the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies revolving around the Sun;" Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe's "Philosophy of Mathematics;" "Our Children in Heaven," by W. H. Holcombe, M.D.; "The Farmer's and Planter's Encyclopædia of Rural Affairs," written by Cuthbert W. Johnson, and adapted to this country by Gouverneur Emerson; "The American Beaver and his Works," by L. H. Morgan; and "The Voice in Singing," translated by W. H. F. Shortly from the German of Emma Seiler.—H. H. Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco and New York, have in press a book, to be sold to subscribers only, which will interest all old Californians at any rate, and if it keeps the promise of its title will be of real value to the public at large. Its title is "The Natural Wealth of California," and it will treat not only of the natural wealth of the State, but of its beauties of scenery, the peculiarities of its heterogeneous population, will give biographical sketches of its leading men, statistics of its foreign and domestic trade and commerce, details of its botany, natural history, and what not—in short, it will, without giving much space to the political history of the State, aim to describe, in about six hundred imperial octavo pages, California as it was and is. The authors of the work are H. C. Bennett and Titus F. Cronise.—Wynkoop & Sherwood will publish in a few days "Select Historical Costumes," thirty lithographic plates colored by hand, chiefly from mediæval originals. Two pages of text will accompany each plate, and the initial letters and binding have been designed expressly for the work with great care.—We have more than once spoken with praise of the Publishers' Uniform Trade List Directory, compiled by Mr. Howard Challen, of Philadelphia. This work, which comprises complete lists of books published by upwards of two hundred houses, is now undergoing revision, and can be still more highly than ever commended to all literary men, librarians, booksellers, and book-buyers. Mr. Challen has also in press an Alphabetical Catalogue of all books published from January, 1860, to January, 1868, and solicits from publishers and authors full particulars of works issued by them during that period.

—In *Lippincott's Magazine*, Philadelphia, long the headquarters of worthless magazines, will have a very respectable specimen of periodical literature. The first number opens with a continued story, in which is easily discernible the hand of Mrs. Harding Davis, and readers who like that author's works will be pleased with this novel—"Dallas Galbraith"—which, if it bids fair to be marked by all her faults, possesses, too, all her peculiar merits. Of "The Abbé Brasseur and His Labors," an article containing some account of a philological explorer of ancient Mexican and Central American remains, we hope to speak at some length on another occasion. We may say of it here that the editor ought not to allow the writer to use such a Philadelphianism as this: "Like huge fishes rise in the water, and see the mountains." The other articles in the body of the magazine call for not much comment; one of them is purely local, and tells Philadelphians of "The Old Slate-Roof House" which was built by Samuel Carpenter, and inhabited at one time by William Penn; another, not more interesting, urges on our attention the truth that in a republic the people must be to some extent educated; another is a not very lucid discussion of the present condition of business, and more especially of the currency; another is a Christmas story in no important respect different from thousands of Christmas stories; everybody will know what another is when we say that its title is "The Cook in History," and that most of it is made up of an old *Quarterly* article; and what "Rays from the Honeymoon" is everybody can fancy. "Pre-Historic Man," in good part devoted to the famous "lake dwellings," does not compel perusal; having read it, we may say that it lacks

methodical arrangement and precision of statement, and so teaches less and less easily than it ought. We wonder, by the way, how the writer knows that "Tubal Cain, one of the sons of the patriarch Lamech, was the first to work in iron and copper." He will involve himself in unending controversies—talking in that way in professedly scientific disquisition. "Vox Humana" is to be spoken of with respect, for, if not precisely to be called new in conception, it is well written; and "Our Ancient City"—Saint Augustine, namely—is a pleasant little piece. The poetry is not worth mentioning particularly. Of the "Literature of the Day," it is to be said that the first book-notice—the one on several catalogues of the books which relate to America—shows knowledge and is valuable, and that the other nine notices are not of importance. Of the ten articles but three relate to works published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. "Our Monthly Gossip" is this month rather pleasant reading. It is to be mainly made up of desultory chat on all sorts of matters, and will partly consist of "Notes and Queries." Just here, among the queries, there is danger before the editor. "And first for our fair friends," he cries gallantly. "*Place aux dames*." A correspondent, who signs herself 'Leonora,' writes: 'I have been trying for months to find out what poet Tennyson means when he says, in 'Locksley Hall,' you know,

"This is truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things,"

and nobody can tell me. *Please* you tell me," and so on. The editor, then, with grace and profundity, sets Leonora's mind at rest by quoting the original Italian and three English translations. It is with a certain happiness that he next says: "Akin to quotations and proverbs are those threadbare anecdotes and jokes which are styled 'Joe Miller's.'" Akin to some quotations. We hope he wrote Leonora's letter himself, and that genuine "Leonoras" are not going to be encouraged. They easily fill a magazine with triviality of a hardly tolerable sort. Most of the "Monthly Gossip" is fairly good, and, on the whole, while the first number of *Lippincott's* is not excellent—first numbers rarely are—we may say of it that it has almost no positive faults, and that it gives promise of a sensible and readable magazine. For the rest, *Lippincott's* is of about the size of *The Atlantic*, is printed equally well, and has equally good paper. We do not know why, with the improvement which it is reasonable to expect, the Philadelphia magazine should not have a long future. From the publishers' prospectus we should say that Louis Blanc has been engaged as a regular contributor, and we suppose there is not much doubt that Mr. G. W. Boker is the editor or lends some assistance to the editor.

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler sends from Moscow the following statement concerning the translation of Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," which he published a few months since. The charges made by *The Saturday Review* have been copied into two or three of our American journals, and so should this reply be:

"*The Saturday Review*, in a notice of 'Fathers and Sons,' argued very plausibly, on the strength of two passages, that it was translated from the excellent French version of the same story. It could, perhaps, have found better arguments, and not been obliged to misquote in order to make the resemblance stronger. It also neglected to state the many obvious differences between this and the French translation, especially in the use of proper names and in the rendering of the points of the dialogues. The greater part of the book was translated directly from the Russian, though recourse was often had to the French version for a word or a phrase used by Mr. Turgenev which has not yet found a place in any Russian dictionary—either French or German—for there is no even passably good Russian-English dictionary. Some of the latter chapters were, owing to a press of time, translated directly from the French, but were afterward more or less carefully compared with and corrected by the Russian. The translation was thus substantially from the Russian.

"Further, the most of Mr. Turgenev's works were translated into French either by the author himself or under his immediate supervision. This book, though Mr. Turgenev's name does not appear on the title-page of the French version, was understood to be so translated, and believed to be of almost equal authority with the original.

"A note stating these facts was handed to the editors of *The Saturday Review* immediately after the appearance of the article in question, but no notice was taken of it."

—Those readers of Mr. Dickens's books who were reading them twenty years ago were familiar with "Master Humphrey's Clock," and liked it. In the pages of that work—started as a sort of periodical—besides Master Humphrey, his clock, and his friends, Mr. Pickwick reappeared after ten years' retirement. Sam Weller attended him as of old, Mr. Weller, senior, came out in great force, and the son and grandson, little Tony, appeared for

the first time and made the centre of the friendly group. These good people are not wholly known to those readers who have not met them in their last field of action. The whole story of "Master Humphrey's Clock" was a setting or frame for the two novels of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," and for several shorter stories. The whole work formed three volumes of a larger page than that of the other novels in their original editions, although they too were in stout octavos, except "Oliver Twist," which first appeared in three smaller volumes. The illustrations were numerous in "Master Humphrey's Clock," some in the picturesque but mannered style of Cathernmole, and the remainder by Hablot K. Browne (called Hablot Brown on the title-page), who was then far from possessing the freedom of his later work. A copy of this original edition, now become scarce, is to be seen at the store of Scribner, Welford & Co. In all, or nearly all, the recent editions of Mr. Dickens's works, the novels of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" have been printed without their setting, and the delightful pages of Master Humphrey have been suppressed. This has been done evidently by the English publishers, and at least with the consent of the author, for the two novels are sold, printed from the old plates, with the paging as it was at first. Thus, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," the page after the title is page 37; the story stops at page 47; begins again at page 80, and so on until the first page of the old second volume comes along halfway through the book. A publisher's note alludes to this, but gives no adequate reason for the abandonment of the old form.

—The article on "The Talmud," of which a correspondent speaks at length in another place, has been supplemented by M. Hippolyte Rodrigues, a French Israelite, in a work entitled "Les Origines du Sermon de la Montagne." It is in response to a letter ("Lettre à un de mes Collègues") written by M. Dupanloup, the bigoted Bishop of Orleans, censuring M. Duruy for his late reform in establishing free courses of instruction for young women, conducted by the professors of the university (*enseignement secondaire*)—a reform which, if we fully understand it, not only robs the priesthood of one of their most cherished prerogatives, but brings the Second Empire into favorable contrast with the First, when Napoleon had to be asked whether he thought women ought to learn the alphabet. M. Dupanloup, knowing the immense influence of women and their great usefulness to the Church in maintaining its revenues and fostering the superstition on which it flourishes, attacks the innovation of the Minister of Public Instruction as hostile to Christianity, which, as he took pains to observe, had revealed a virtue, charity, and morality unknown to former religions among men. It is to this point that M. Rodrigues speaks. As for M. Duruy, he is exempt from replying.—M. Haussmann, who has hopes of becoming a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, is hurrying through the press a "History of Paris," in thirty volumes, or thereabouts, to be published at the expense of the city, and illustrated by the heliographic process.—Colonel Regis de Trobriand, U.S.A., who is now out among the Rocky Mountains, dealing with Indians and buffaloes, has written a work in two volumes octavo, which will shortly be published on the Continent: "Quatre ans de campagnes à l'armée du Potomac."—Louis Ulbach writes to the *Indépendance Belge* that he has been examining an album of fifty photographs of Americans distinguished in our late civil war. He is struck with admiration at their firm countenances, beautiful sometimes in spite of a manly homeliness, thoughtful, independent, with broad foreheads and large mouths, the lips closed firmly. He reads stubbornness in Andrew Johnson's posture and expression. General Grant, whose uniform seems like a railway official's, has a beautiful forehead, and a strong and meditative physiognomy. General Sherman bears a vague resemblance to Henri Martin, the historian, but has more prominent cheek-bones, hollow cheeks, and a much more highly developed forehead—the military forehead which all his colleagues possess. Frémont looks as if he never would be President; he does not seem big enough for the part. Between Jefferson Davis and Mr. Lincoln the writer fancies a resemblance in leanness of visage, closed lips, broad forehead, and strength of head. Raphael Semmes closes the gallery of portraits: "on dirait corsaire," and so he proves to be.

—The *Evening Post* says of Philoxène Boyer, who died the other day at Paris:

"He was one of those who talk poetry better than they write it. Conscious of this, he wrote but little in the later years of his life. His literary remains consist of a single volume of poems, a lyric drama, some sketches, and a few fragmentary criticisms. His favorite labor was lecturing on Shakespeare; but he never succeeded in bringing his genius into a marketable form, and died a poor man."

This brief paragraph tells very nearly the whole story of the poet's life. Boyer was a man of a type which is not infrequently met among men

of genius. He was poor, and he could not learn the art of money-making; he was sensitive, and he suffered keenly; his spirit was broken, and he died at the age of forty years a bent and grey-headed old man. Even those literary friends who were most warmly attached to him speak of this death as a late-coming piece of good fortune.

Yet poor Boyer's life was not without its compensations. He lavished his modest patrimony on studies and books, but he drew deep, pure, and unending enjoyment from these sources in the darkest days. Literature was his life. We can understand with what pain he admitted to his mind the conviction that he could not hope for success in authorship, and so laid down the pen. But he never sulked or cried out. His failure and his poverty only made him more tender and, unfortunately, more unpractical. He cherished no grudge against his more successful contemporaries; he was quite free from that literary jealousy which has belittled so many otherwise noble and pathetic stories. But he withdrew to the society of his books, cultivating in solitude his literary tastes. These were sometimes charmingly eccentric. He admired many writings which the publishers do not regard with enthusiasm. As for his feeling toward Shakespeare, it approached idolatry. In the last years of his life he read no other book. The margins of the volumes which contain the works of his favorite are thickly covered with notes, glosses, references, and reflections. A friend compares his commentaries on Shakespeare to the books of the Rabbins. Beside these consolations, God gave to Boyer a pure Christian home—a wife of unusual worth, and the prattle of little children. There were also some kindly men who in the hurry and excitement of their own successful careers did not forget the old friend who years before had dropped out of the race. One of these closes a touching memoir of the poet with this line from "The Divine Comedy":

"L' amico mio e non della ventura."

MR. JOHN MORLEY ON EDMUND BURKE.*

THE history of Burke's reputation has been a strange and checkered one. He has had the singular fortune of furnishing weapons to two totally different schools of politicians. His works have for fifty years been an arsenal from which Tories and Liberals have armed themselves with almost equal confidence. Moreover, he played a prominent part in the discussion of the nature and consequences of two of the greatest political changes of modern times, the American and French Revolutions, both occurring in his own day, and uttered predictions about them which have enjoyed the rare distinction of being carefully remembered half a century after his death. In one set of these predictions—those touching the French Revolution—he proved not wholly right, but near enough to being right to warrant the party of reaction in retaining him as their great champion. With regard to the American Revolution he proved wholly right; but then the effect of much of what was best in his speeches and writings on the American question was long neutralized in the minds of the common run of politicians by his speeches and writings on the French question.

Then the course of events both in England and here, ever since his death, has been such as to cause great changes in the popular estimate of him. From 1793 to 1815, the period during which the party of repression had the upper hand in England, Burke was a great Tory prophet. The Revolution of 1832 brought his Liberalism and his constitutional theories into the foreground, and made him for a while a Liberal prophet. But then the growing infusion of the business spirit into politics, and the growing distrust of oratory which followed the Reform bill, brought on him the discredit of being a mere rhetorician. This imputation, which damaged him in the estimation of the middle classes, has somewhat strengthened the reaction against declamations and the love of dry "practical" views in political discussion, which *The Saturday Review* imported into journalism. On the other hand, perhaps one of the most striking phenomena of English politics during the last twenty years has been the growing power of the utilitarians, the "expediency" men, as distinguished both from the Tory transcendentalists and the "Manchester School," who were nearly as great worshippers of general rules as the Tories themselves. This school, of which Bentham may be said to have been the founder, John Austin one of the most brilliant disciples, has been revived and illustrated by John Stuart Mill, and is drawing to it nearly all the ablest young men of the present generation. According to this school, there are no general rules in politics; there are no principles capable of general application; there are no absolute rights which must be asserted under all circumstances; "politics is not a science of abstract ideas, but an empirical art, with morality for its standard."

Now, there is very little in Burke's political philosophy which this

* "Edmund Burke: A Historical Study. By John Morley, B.A., Oxon." London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

school does not eagerly accept. Burke was undoubtedly, if not the earliest, the best known, most eloquent, and most earnest of English utilitarian politicians, and some of the most dearly cherished doctrines of their creed may be picked out even of his impassioned diatribes against the French Revolution and his impassioned eulogies of the British Constitution. At the hands of the positivists, therefore, Burke's memory is undergoing a sort of rehabilitation.

Mr. Morley, who is the present editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, enters in the volume before us, a portion of which has already appeared in his journal, into an examination of Burke's career and opinions in relation to the events of his time, with the view of placing both one and the other before the public in a clearer light than that through which they have been viewed, showing to what extent his political philosophy was affected by his temperament and by the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and, in short, analyzing his works with reference to the events which called them forth—a task which few men of distinction have needed more to have done for them by a cool head than Burke, for probably few men of equal weight and influence have through natural ardor and impetuosity laid themselves open to a greater amount of misconception. Mr. Morley, while maintaining that Bolingbroke was the first to maintain in his "Patriot King," though on a basis furnished by Locke, in opposition to the theory of divine right, that the good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government, and that the office of a king is therefore a trust, and not absolute property, claims for Burke the credit of having refuted the doctrine that a king was equal to such a trust. Burke's theory was, that though the end of government was the good of the people, the true means to this end was government by a virtuous and public-spirited few; in other words, by an aristocracy of some kind. Of government "of the people, by the people, for the people," as Mr. Lincoln defined it, he had no conception, and if he had thought of it would doubtless have scouted the idea. But then in preaching this doctrine of his at that day in "The Thoughts on the Present Discontents," he really attacked the evil that was nearest him. For popular government, in our sense of the word, no nation in the world, not even this nation, was then prepared. The government which Englishmen were seeking to substitute for George the Third's clumsy despotism was the despotism of the House of Commons, or, in other words, an oligarchy for a tyranny, and the House of Commons was beginning to exercise an authority just as absolute and as selfish and as little permeated with any thought of trusteeship as that of Louis XIV. What Burke did, while acknowledging the claims of oligarchy to rule, was to bring home to it the doctrine that it had no right to rule except as trustee for the people, which, plain and simple as it seems now, then had the merit of novelty at least.

Mr. Morley also claims for Burke the honor of having contributed to political philosophy the important idea on which nearly all the great political reforms of the world have since been based, "that in politics we are concerned not with barren rights, but with duties; not with abstract truth, but with practical morality." He denies that he can be set down either as simply a thinker or simply a rhetorician; he maintains that he was both; though his heat of temperament led him into heat of language. The following is as successful a statement of the case on this point as we remember to have met with:

"His natural ardor always impelled him to clothe his conclusions in glowing, exaggerated phrases. Nobody would be disposed to deny that Bentham was a thinker, and yet he constantly displays a heat, an acrimony, a contemptuousness that is only different from the unphilosophical language of Burke in being less majestic and overwhelming. A rhetorician deals with words and images, and, hurried by them out of the path which leads to truth, is thus, in the long run, deprived even of a desire to find it. Burke's style unquestionably partook of that 'opimum quoddam et tanquam adipatum orationis genus' which the Roman orator has described. The framework of what he has to say is too thickly overlaid with Asiatic ornament. His language burns with too consuming a blaze for the whole to diffuse that clear, undisturbed light which we are accustomed to find in men who have trained themselves to balance ideas, to weigh mutually opposed speculations—in short, to argue and to reason with no passion stronger than an intense desire to discover on what side or on what sort of middle way the truth lies. Those who have acquired a love for political thought amid the almost mathematical closeness and precision of Hobbes, the philosophic calm of Locke, or even the majestic and solemn fervor of Milton, are in a manner revolted by the unrestrained passion and the decorated style of Burke. His passion appears hopelessly fatal to anything like success in the pursuit of truth, who does not reveal herself to followers thus inflamed. His ornate style does not appear less fatal to that cautious and precise method of statement suitable to matter which is not known at all unless known distinctly.

"To understand this more clearly, we must constantly remember that Burke was actively engaged in the thick of the political fight. This was another source both of weakness and of strength to him. It weakened him as a philosopher, because he came to the considerations of his problems with

something of a sinister interest in solving them in one way rather than another. If he could find a solution which was in accordance with Whig tactics, or, what was still narrower, but still better for himself, a solution that justified the Rockingham section of the Whigs, it was to his interest to do so—not his interest in any sordid sense; for Burke's character was not of a kind to yield to, or even to be conscious of, temptations of that order, but to his interest as a keen partisan, whose peace of mind was staked on the fact of his party being in the right. We shall have occasion further on to discuss Burke's own views as to the uses and obligations of party. There can be no question that his passion did constantly blind him to those loftier considerations which should always be present to the mind of the philosopher, and that in one portion of his career (1788-9) he actually surrendered himself to a systematic factiousness that fell little short of being downright unscrupulous. At the same time, it is just to remember that the most memorable act of Burke's public life was his unhesitating abandonment and violent disruption of party, when what he conceived to be the dictates of political wisdom were no longer the guide of their conduct. He was never so obstinately deaf to the voice of what he took for wisdom, never so utterly given over to intellectual reprobation, as to regard allegiance to his associates as the prime and most binding of all duties. He frequently voted away from his leaders and friends."

Burke's course on the French Revolution—which has long constituted the great blot on his political reputation, and which prompts, at the present day, hundreds of political writers, who probably owe to him nearly every idea of any value they ever possessed, to sneer at him in the latter years of his life as a crazy reactionist—was undoubtedly, as Mr. Morley shows, largely the excited and enthusiastic expression of one of the very soundest, most deeply rooted, longest held, and most easily defended, of his political ideas—the value in government, and, above all, in reform, of the feeling of national continuity, of the close connection of each generation with those which have gone before it and which are to follow it, and of the necessity, in order to make reforms really beneficial, of basing them on the stock of ideas, habits, and traditions already accumulated. If we tear off from Burke's assaults on the Revolution the excrescences produced by his heated imagination, his strong dislike of disorder and indecency, and his passionate style of oratory, we shall certainly find a theory of national life of which the history of France for the last seventy years abundantly proves the soundness. Most calm observers are now agreed that the failure of the French to make the "principles of '89" the basis of any permanent political system has been undoubtedly mainly due to the suddenness and completeness of the break with the past into which they were unfortunately led by the literary politicians who precipitated but were unable to control the revolution. Napoleon's coronation in Notre Dame was a triumphant vindication of Burke's passion. Others still more striking have since taken place. While on this subject, Mr. Morley makes the following very acute observation, which just at present is worth pondering:

"The rights of man would have furnished a scanty and inadequate basis for the constitution of that State which first brought them into practical politics if there had not been men endowed with the knowledge which Hamilton and Madison had experimentally of the principles of government. The Americans had all the benefits of the rights of men, but then they had publicists who could construe and embody them in a practical system."

We have now again plenty of apostles of "the rights of man" but not too many publicists. We have plenty of imitators, too, of Burke's rhetoric, but very few politicians who have laid hold of his philosophy or mode of thought.

We had intended making other extracts from Mr. Morley's book, illustrative of his way of treating his subject, but find we have reached the limits of our space. We regret this the more, as the book is full not only of exceedingly able exposition of other thinkers—such as Mr. John Austin's denunciation of the common tendency to deduce from the existence of a political right the duty of asserting it without regard to practical consequences, illustrating it by the action of the English people toward the American colonies—but of very striking and acute observations of Mr. Morley's own, which are full of instruction peculiarly adapted to the present time. We commend it as a very valuable contribution to the political literature of the day.

GIFT BOOKS FOR YOUTHS.*

A boy fond of reading will, in the absence of good things, read anything—say, "Margoliouth on Isaiah LIII," and of this truth the author of "Thrilling Incidents in American History" seems to have been very well aware. Indeed, such is the complete and wonderful dryness of Mr. Barber's

* "Thrilling Incidents in American History. Being a Selection of the Most Important and Interesting Events. Compiled from the most approved authorities. By J. W. Barber. With illustrations." New York: James Miller. 1868.

"The Boys of Beechwood. By Mrs. Elliott. With illustrations." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.

"Routledge's Every Boy's Annual. An Entertaining Miscellany of Original Litera-

work that he must, one supposes, believe himself and Margoliouth the only extant writers of juvenile literature. The omnivorous appetite of boys utterly destitute of reading matter is what he must have been calculating on when he produced his book. "Thrilling" he calls it too. One has orgies, then, over a Patent Office Report! We give a sample of the sort of writing which, combined with poor paper and ugly wood-cuts, make the book a truly repelling one:

"General Clinch was obliged to return to Fort Drane without effecting his object, and his position was rendered critical. General Scott sent troops to his relief. General Gaines with a force of about 1,000 men from New Orleans landed at Tampa Bay, February 4, 1836. Four days afterward General Scott arrived at Saint Augustine. General Gaines marched for the Withlacoochee to attack the Seminoles. He was opposed by them at or near this place and suffered some loss."

Nearly all the book is written on the plan which this quotation indicates, and is better fitted to teach a boy that on February 4, 1836, in Tampa Bay, Florida, something happened, than to teach him what it was that happened then and there, and just how important it was and is. Scraps of old newspapers and chips out of Common School Histories of the United States are surely sad fare for the youthful mind.

Of Mrs. Eiloart's "Boys of Beechwood" we hardly know what to say. We found it amusing, by reason of the perfect naturalness of the boys, and it is crammed with stirring incident. But, as a morally responsible being, one cannot urge parents and guardians to purchase a book which describes one of its heroes—a small-sized copying clerk of a London lawyer—as keeping in his employer's office a hedgehog called indifferently "Toby" and "The Rev. C. Galland;" another hero as "hiding" a "low cad" of a National School school-boy who, "like a beastly coward," throws stones instead of casting himself confidently on his fists; others of its heroes as painting a cow with the face-markings of a well-known vicious bull, and with her help terrifying another "low cad"—the uncle of one of the young gentlemen. The boys are small, muscular Christians, however, with a robust scorn of lying and stealing, and if they stop up a cottager's chimney and send dirty water down into his fire-place, or drench an attorney by means of the garden hose, or pummel two men old enough to be their fathers, or chaff a justice of the peace, or precipitate somebody into a horse-pond, it is all done in the interests of virtue. Their animal spirits are always directed into a channel where they subserve the cause of sound morality. The book is of the "Verdant Green" class, except that the figures of the *dramatis personæ* are smaller, and that all the horse-play and mischief and impudence is for the relief of the oppressed and the circumvention of villainy. In this respect the book is untrue to nature, and we suppose that it will conduce rather to apple-stealing and window-breaking than to youthful piety. "Pluck" and a certain amount of truthfulness are inculcated; but notwithstanding this, and the fact that the author, at the end, says that "honesty is the best policy," we suppose more harm than good will come from the reading of it, spirited and amusing as it is.

"Routledge's Every Boy's Annual" is a large, thick, gilded octavo which any boys from twelve to sixteen years old would be very glad to get hold of, and which we hope many such may have the pleasure of reading. It contains amongst its other treasures a story of school-boy life, by the author of "East Lynne," which, if we consider it as a novel, sets before us pretty well the passions that agitate the school-room and the playground; and if we consider it as a picture of English school-life, is, we imagine, truthful; certainly it is vivid. It will interest American boys, as showing them their youthful contemporaries on the other side of the water, and it will benefit them by teaching, as it does with considerable power, the lesson of the eleventh commandment, whether we take that to be "Love one another" or, as some say, "Mind your own business." The one to a certain extent involves the other. Besides, we have a Cromwellian novel, entitled "The Boy Cavaliers." There is something in it of the Scott sentiment—

"Shall we match the base Skippon and Massey and Brown,
With the barons of England who fight for the crown?"

ture. Edited by Edmund Routledge. With illustrations." New York: George Routledge & Sons.

"The Boy's Own Country Book: Descriptive of the Seasons and Rural Amusements. By Thomas Miller. With 140 illustrations." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.

"Judge Not; or, Hester Powers's Girlhood. By Mrs. Edwin Sheppard." Boston: Loring. 1868.

"The Purgatory of Peter the Cruel. By James Greenwood. Illustrated by Ernest Griset." New York: George Routledge & Sons.

"The Children's Poetry Book: a Selection of Narrative Poetry for the Young, with seventy illustrations by Thomas Dalziel." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.

"Queer Little People. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. With illustrations." Boston: Ticknor & Field. 1867.

"The Story without an End; from the German of Carove. By Sarah Austin. With illustrations printed in Colors after Drawings by E. V. B." New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1868.

and Cromwell is introduced to us as a youthful gambler, but, in good sooth, we "marvel the author has held the balance so nearly even. Then there is a good long tale of marine adventure, and the rest of the annual is made up of short stories, puzzles, instruction in sailing, riding, shooting, hare and hounds, football, and other youthful sports, and of instruction as to playing with the mechanic arts and the physical sciences by using the microscope, lathe, and so on. Altogether the book is exceedingly well worthy of youthful acceptance, and sure of youthful perusal.

We can say the same thing of "The Boy's Own Country Book." Twenty years ago Mr. Miller published it in four volumes, entitled respectively "The Boys' Summer Book," "Winter Book," and so on, with perhaps a taste too much of flowery writing here and there. It takes the boys very pleasantly through the months, talks to them of the juvenile rural sports, of the birds of the month, of the animals, small and great, and of the farmer's occupations of the four seasons, and, to lighten this information, tells many stories concerning incidents, some pathetic and some simply "jolly," which fell under the author's observation, and all of which address boys' tastes and most interest them. The tone of the book is that of the kindly, hearty talk of an old man with young feelings conversing with his young friends, and so it is a very agreeable book indeed. As for the flowery writing which we have mentioned, there is but little of it; and most healthy boys being monsters of hardness of heart, it is, on the whole, perhaps desirable that all the sentiment that can be got into them without turning their stomachs should be administered. A weightier objection to the book is this one—that the rural life of America differs so much from the rural life described by Mr. Miller. We wish somebody would do for the American boy, and do it in as manly a way, what Mr. Miller has done for the boys in England. The illustrations in the volume—some of them after Bewick—are excellently expressive of the sentiment that pervades it, and may be called charming.

"Judge Not; or, Hester Powers's Girlhood," is a story for young ladies, and not a very good one. There is a high-born young girl in it, Miss Isabella, beautiful, but humble-minded, and pious and peculiar in many things; but she knows it all, and is given to patting herself on the back. So is Hester, the too good and beautiful village maiden, who dies in jail, we are happy to say. She goes to the great house as companion to Isabella. Then there is a young artist who falls in love with the beautiful peasant, an envious lady's maid who hides brooch jewellery in Hester's pocket, and a magpie who steals diamonds. Hester is at once charged with the theft, faints when charged with it, and her previous character for sanctimoniousness being dreadfully against her, she gets not much mercy, especially from Miss Isabella, who probably had an excellent eye for a canting young person. She is prosecuted for grand larceny, and dies of a broken heart. The moral is "Judge Not." Mrs. Sheppard is one of several thousand writers for young people who do good service to the cause of immorality. One wonders what they think the faculty of judgment was given to man for. Because charitableness is good, they teach that common sense and the law of evidence are to be disregarded. There was nothing to be done in the case of Miss Hester but to have her arrested; she had been under suspicion for a long time. It was Mrs. Sheppard's business to make the judgment obviously unjust or hard. Certainly she ought not to have made it apparently so perfectly fair as it seems in this story. If Mrs. Sheppard says that we are all naturally too much inclined to hardness in judging others, and that it is well to insist on mildness of judgment, we assent, and say in turn that when she makes mildness ridiculous and weak, she demoralizes people and postpones the day when the queen of the earth shall be justice.

"The Purgatory of Peter the Cruel" belongs to that class of books which was described in our last number as being intended for grown people as well as children. In other respects it cannot be classified at all, being a unique performance as well as a clever one. It is the story of a very cruel boy, who all his life has been the inveterate enemy of every creature of humble creation. Crawling up the rigging of the *Mangowallah* to cut a cockroach in two with a pair of shears, he falls and kills himself. From "a chink in a coil of rope" Peter looks at his late body, and the captain and sailors surrounding it, trying without avail to bring it to life again. He wonders what it all means. He has "a sensation of having on a suit of clothes buttoned well up the throat, and a trifle too small for him." He moves his head and is shocked to find that his body must move with it. In short, he has become a beetle. In that shape, but retaining the faculty of thought, he passes the life of a beetle in the hold of the ship, and in the bosom of the family of that very cockroach which—or whom—in his human shape he had succeeded in maiming. He learns what thoughts and feelings are entertained by good cockroach and beetle society, and becomes the wiser for it. After a very vivid experience, he is pitched into a pool of

bilge-water by a belligerent "drummer," and passes some terrible last moments in reflecting how many beetles he had wantonly drowned when a boy, and how, if it was so awful to die in cold water, what must it be when that water is boiling hot. After drowning, he rises from the pool a blue-bottle, and, after living its life, passes through successively the existence of a snail, an ant, and a newt. It is impossible in a limited space to give any but a very general idea of a story whose chief merit is the minute care of its working up. Founded on an excellent substratum of natural history, these little insect-biographies are conceived with the greatest ingenuity, and carried out with a spirit and humor that are very rare. Boys and girls who read must be fascinated by them into positive interest in the lives of "small deer," such as the study of entomology in the abstract would not be apt to give them. They will find their imagination pleasantly and profitably stimulated by the description of the ant town, and the aphid dairy, and the way the little creatures govern themselves. Mr. Greenwood's style is remarkably vivid; it is perhaps too vivid for perfect good taste when he describes the barbarisms of Peter's early life; but under its influence we shall find it hard to forget the horrors of the fly which, turned into a bait, is dangled by the inconsiderate fisherman just above the nose of a stickle-back; or of the ant hall of justice, where a criminal, awaiting a sentence of death with bravado, faints when he is condemned to perpetual idleness; or Peter teaching the ant soldiers to dance and bet; or the poor newt cooling his pinched tail against the side of the glass aquarium. The young person who gets this book as a Christmas present is to be congratulated.

The "Children's Poetry Book" is a stout, little square volume, and, except that there is a very well-designed stamp put on the cloth cover, does not look very tempting. On examination, however, it proves to be a very good collection of poems for young people's reading; not all "narrative poems," but all of an interesting character. Of other collections of poems for children, probably "The Children's Garland," edited by Coventry Patmore, and published as one of Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series," is the best. That consists of one hundred and seventy-three poems; of these perhaps a dozen would have been better omitted—as, for instance, the worthless ballad called "The Suffolk Miracle," which ought to have no place in any other book than a general collection of old ballads such as that formed by Professor Child; "The Dragon of Wantley," not altogether a poor ballad, but requiring many changes to make it supportable, and not a very good ballad when all the changes are made; and Southey's raw-head-and-bloody-bones story, in verse, "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." It is a wonder that a man of true if not very deep poetical feeling, such as we suppose Mr. Patmore to be, should have admitted these poems and other such into his collection. But otherwise it is a good collection, having the single additional fault of occasional unwarranted changes from originals. Comparing Messrs. Routledge's new "Poetry Book" with "The Garland," we find that it contains about the same number of poems, that it is not so pretty nor so well printed a book, nor so neatly indexed, and that it sins more gravely than its rival in the matter of unneeded changes and omissions; but that the selection on the whole is better. A number of poems, perhaps thirty, are contained in each of the books, and these are about the best part of each, for among them are such poems as Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray," "The Sailor's Mother," and "Alice Tell;" Southey's "Inchcape Rock" and "Battle of Blenheim;" Scott's "Lochinvar" and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The Routledge "Poetry Book" is adorned with some poems which it is a wonder Mr. Patmore let slip—such as Campbell's "Hohenlinden" and Wolfe's "Sir John Moore;" it is adapted to younger children than the "Garland" will suit, and this partly by the admission of some capital trifles from a book of unknown authorship, but published by Routledge, "Aunt Effie's Rhymes." The poems are of every sort, and will please all tastes; and there are, perhaps, but two pieces we could wish away. On the whole, we like "The Children's Poetry Book" very much, but it is a shame that poems should be cut to pieces and stuck together again, as has been done with some of those in this book. The illustrations are of two kinds—full-page colored wood-cuts, not disgracefully designed, and rough little wood-cuts printed with the text, a few of which are very expressive, as, notably, that one which illustrates Eliza Cook's poem, "The Death of Master Tommy Rook."

"Queer Little People and their Friends" is a reprint of papers which have appeared in *Our Young Folks*. If it were a new book, it would require at our hands a notice long enough to express our hearty enjoyment of it. It is a thoroughly delightful and healthy book for children. The childlike love of beasts and birds and insects is rightly and wisely drawn upon, not by asking children to laugh at beasts in the habits of men, but by translating the real life of the animals into humanity as literally as children's intelligence would allow. There are capital bits of satire and fun in them. As

we have said in a recent article, a good book for children must contain much that the children cannot understand. We have enjoyed this book very much, and expect all wide-awake children and all childlike grown people to enjoy it too.

"The Story without an End" has been very much admired, and, indeed, has a great reputation. This is not the first translation of it into English. It is often mentioned and referred to as a story of great interest and merit. Its reputation, however, can hardly be founded upon its attractiveness to children. So far as our observation has gone, children cannot be found who will read it with any avidity. To grown people its fanciful purity and its very unreality are a kind of charm. If children could be induced to like it, it would, perhaps, be well, for its influence could be only wholesome and quiet. As this volume comes to us, however, its principal interest is in the pictures. Besides head and tail-pieces, there are fifteen large full-page pictures. All are wood-cuts from designs by an English lady, now well-known as an illustrator of books; but the full-page cuts are printed in full color, and are of quite exceptional merit. E. V. B. as a designer in black and white has always seemed to us as of secondary rank. Her designs have been not ungraceful in line and cleverly composed, but very weak in drawing, and deficient in beauty of effect of light and shade. But in these color designs, while some of these faults and imperfections remain, there is a richness of color which redeems all. They are among the best color compositions of our time. Every one is designed in color, primarily, as if intended for stained glass or for decorative painting on walls. In this they resemble the works of two strong and true schools of art, the book illuminations of the Middle Ages, and the pictures in full color, whether hand-made or printed, of the Japanese. E. V. B.'s drawings are almost as shadowless as the work of either of the schools mentioned above. It would have been better had they been wholly free from shadow. The slightly better relief gained by the occasional cast shadows, as in "The Garden of Ancient Palms," adds nothing to the intelligibility or to the verisimilitude of the picture, and we cannot help wishing that E. V. B. had faced the matter of color design as boldly as study of illuminated manuscripts might have led her to do. This apart, we do not know of any book illustrations in color which are, on the whole, so good. We shall have to refer to them again when speaking of other less successful color-printing.

THE FAT OF EGYPT.*

IT may have been with no little self-restraint, but it was from a very just artistic feeling, we do not doubt, that Mr. Baker dropped from his original narrative of Nile explorations the year devoted to traversing the Soudan and visiting the confines of Abyssinia. The experience of this interval was of the highest value for his subsequent researches, and was, in fact, the *sine qua non* of that success of which Albert N'yanza was the crown. It cleared up one mystery of the great river—that of the annual overflow; it shed new light upon the resources of a country which has begun to be of much interest to the commercial world, especially for the article cotton; it gave time to the explorer to get acclimated, to learn Arabic, to acquire control of the natives, and to gain a clear conception of the self-imposed task which yet awaited him. Had he broken down in his journey south under the jealousy of the slave-traders and the hostilities of the negro tribes, the present volume would not have been delayed; but to describe fitly the grandeur of his achievement in reaching the reservoir of the Nile, it was necessary to postpone all that would detract from the unity of the account, and, with the fewest episodes possible, to move straight from the beginning to the end of the drama. What sustains the full current of the Nile against evaporation and absorption twelve hundred miles below its latest tributary? This was the question which Mr. Baker has already answered. What causes the floods and fertilizing wealth of the river? To this question the present volume renders a conclusive reply; and if, on the whole, it is not so attractive as the parent work, it is because the discovery which it announces was made so early that the remainder of the expedition is, for the reader, an anticlimax—the pursuit of geography with peculiar facilities and amid rather agreeable excitement, and without the hardships which beset the White Nile voyagers at every step. In this latter respect lies the essential difference of the two explorations.

Those who read Mr. Baker's "Albert N'yanza"—and they should have been many—will meet in his "Nile Tributaries" some old friends who are chronologically new. Mrs. Baker, of course, is here, constant and intrepid as ever, with Johann Schmidt, the carpenter, Richarn, the faithful black—

* "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword Hunters of the Hamran Arabs." By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; London: Macmillan & Co. 1867. Pp. xi., 596.

one fruit at least of the Austrian Mission, though he would get drunk—the horse Tétel, and the sponging-bath. Here is Mr. Baker himself, earning his knight's spurs, and shooting always lucky shots, and bagging a bewildering variety of game; easy yet firm in discipline; rich in expedients, as when he sends a messenger log in quest of the body of a drowned Arab girl, or lowers a camel, suspended midway from a cliff over which it had fallen, safely to *terra firma*; a sufficient physician and surgeon; a good mechanic; and a manufacturer from the raw material worthy a gold medal at the Paris Exposition: "We thus washed with rhinoceros soap [made of lime burnt in an ant-hill for a kiln]; our lamp was trimmed with oil of lions; our butter for cooking purposes was the fat of hippopotami, while our pomade was made from the marrow of buffaloes and antelopes, scented with the blossoms of mimosas." As a hunter, Mr. Baker yields unfeigned admiration to the Hamran aggageers, whose weapon is the sword only, and whose pet game is the elephant. They approach the monster on horseback, skilfully divide his attention, and then with the greatest boldness run behind him on foot and slash the back sinew of each leg till he falls and bleeds to death. Other game they encounter in the same way, but their "sport" is more like torture than is the speedy work of the rifle. A large part of the book is occupied with their achievements and with "sport" in general, and hardly escapes being monotonous in spite of Mr. Baker's ability as a narrator.

Khartoum reappears in this diary, beautiful as a vision when seen from across the river, but full of filth and stenches, and a natural seat of the slave-trade and the plague. The new towns are Cassala, which, after Khartoum, is the principal one of the Soudan, a walled fortress, on the banks of the sand-swallowed river Gash; Sofi, on the Atbara, a delightful asylum during the rainy season; Katariff, on the direct road from Cassala to Khartoum, and hence conspicuous for its bazaar; and Gallabat, the capital of the Tokrooris, and the exchange-market of the products of Abyssinia and Egypt. Cassala is brought *vis à vis* Berber and Soukaim on the Red Sea into easy communication with Cairo; but though commerce avails itself to some extent of this channel, it is chiefly used by the Egyptian Government in transporting troops with which to menace Abyssinia. Mr. Baker shows what enormous fertility remains undeveloped in the country between the rivers that are fed from the mountains of Abyssinia, what mineral deposits exist there untouched, how cheap labor and transportation are, and what a grand opening there is for civilization on the line of travel just mentioned, provided Europe, and England above all, strive to build up the port of Soukaim, and to divert trade thither. His speculations upon this point, upon the feasibility of still further colonizing Soudan with the industrious Tokrooris from Darfur, and his magnificent schemes for damming the Nile and irrigating the desert, to rescue from the Delta the rich deposits of Abyssinian soil which make the Suez Canal a precarious enterprise, seem to us sound and sensible, though it is scarcely to be hoped that they will reach fruition so long as Egypt is ruled by the Turks.

The stream whose freshets swell the Lower Nile beyond its limit is the Atbara, with two principal branches, the Settite and Salaam. The general characteristic of all these rivers is, that they flow through a broad table-land of fertile but uncultivated soil, through which they have gullied beds sometimes upwards of two hundred feet in depth, each rain forming an infinite number of petty torrents that crumble away the banks in landslips and charge the water with mud that goes coursing on to the Mediterranean. According to the geological formation, these ravines are broad or narrow; and when hemmed in, as they frequently are, by immense cliffs, the straitened waters foam over the very tops and sweep the surface of the country. "The magnificent chain of mountains from which they flow is not a simple line of abrupt sides, but the precipitous slopes are the walls of a vast plateau that receives a prodigious rain-fall in June, July, August, until the middle of September, the entire drainage of which is carried away by the above-named channels to inundate Lower Egypt."

We cannot do better than reproduce the graphic passage in which the sudden filling of the empty Atbara, on the night of the 23d June, 1861, is described:

"The cool night arrived, and at about half-past eight I was lying half asleep upon my bed, by the margin of the river, when I fancied that I heard a rumbling like distant thunder: I had not heard such a sound for months, but a low uninterrupted roll appeared to increase in volume, although far distant. Hardly had I raised my head to listen more attentively when a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, with a sound of many feet, and in a few minutes they rushed into my camp, shouting to my men in the darkness, 'El Bahr! El Bahr!' (the river! the river!)"

"All was darkness and confusion; everybody was talking and no one listening; but the great event had occurred, the river had arrived 'like a thief in the night.' On the morning of the 24th June, I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara river, at the break of day. The wonder of the desert!

yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of desert. For days we had journeyed along the exhausted bed; all nature, even in nature's poverty, was most poor; no bush could boast a leaf; no tree could throw a shade; crisp gums crackled upon the stems of the mimosas, the sap dried upon the burst bark, sprung with the withering heat of the sirocco. In one night there was a mysterious change—wonders of the mighty Nile!—an army of water was hastening to the wasted river; there was no drop of rain, no thunder cloud on the horizon to give hope, all had been dry and sultry; dust and desolation yesterday, to-day a magnificent stream, some 500 yards in width and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, flowed through the dreary desert!"

TUCKER'S MORMONISM.*

WE have here a very interesting account of the external life of Mormonism during its early years. We are told what sort of people the Smith family were and also much that is instructive about Martha Harris, Sidney Rigdon, and other founders of the Church of Latter-day Saints. Especially we are told what manner of man was Joseph Smith, with whom professedly the movement had its origin. And it will be generally agreed that if the account here given of him is correct, he did not write the Mormon book of prophecy. Who did write it may have been less successfully determined. Mr. Tucker has had excellent opportunities for making the studies of which this book is the result. Himself a resident of Palmyra, the scene of Smith's early operations, he claims to have been acquainted with Smith from his earliest years. "From twelve to twenty he is remembered as a dull-eyed, flaxen-haired, prevaricating boy—noted only for his indolent and vagabondish character and his habits of exaggeration and untruthfulness." His fortune-telling and money-digging operations are described at some length, and in these things his imposture made so plain that his subsequent finding of the "Golden Bible" is put, on grounds of antecedent probability, into the same category of deceit.

But if Smith did not write the "Mormon Bible," who did? For his followers would thank Mr. Tucker for showing that Smith did not and could not write it, if there the matter were allowed to rest. For as it is a great point with the Mohammedan to prove that Mohammed could not have written the Koran, so it is a great point with the Latter-day Saint to show that his prophet could not have written the "Book of Mormon;" for hence, he immediately concludes, it must have been written by the ancient worthies to whom it is ascribed, and handed down in the mysterious manner to which Joseph Smith bore testimony confirmed by an oath. Perfectly well aware of this state of things, Mr. Tucker has made it the main object of his work to give a rational account of the origin of the "Mormon Bible." His account is certainly plausible—at any rate, infinitely more so than the account which the Mormons themselves give of its origin and transmission.

The Mormon theory is pretty generally known. It is that when the building of the Tower of Babel was brought to the abrupt conclusion spoken of in Genesis, a part of the people scattered at that time came to America, and lived here and flourished, and dwindled and died out, leaving their history buried somewhere in the earth. This history, which forms a part of the "Mormon Bible," was exhumed by a second Jewish colony which came to this country in the year B.C. 600. This second colony ultimately split into two nations, the Nephites and the Famanites. From the Famanites came the American Indians, and from the Nephites came the prophet Mormon, who lived to see his tribe extinguished by the Famanites, and to write its history, including the appearance to them of Jesus after his resurrection. This history his son Moroni buried in the earth, and there it remained until September 22, 1827, when Joseph Smith discovered it, and with it an enormous pair of spectacles, with whose aid he translated its contents into the vernacular. It had been buried more than one thousand four hundred years.

This is the Mormon theory. Mr. Tucker's is a little different. It is that the "Book of Mormon" was written by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a clergyman who had graduated from Dartmouth College about the year 1809. Mr. Spaulding was an enthusiastic archaeologist. He accepted the theory that America had been peopled by a colony of ancient Israelites. Obligated to give up the active duties of his profession, he employed his leisure in constructing a fabulous historical account of a long-lost race. The manuscript was completed in 1812 or 1813, and submitted to a printer in Pittsburg, Pa. It was finally returned to the author, who died in 1827. Soon after his death the manuscript was stolen.

By whom and for what? In the office at Pittsburg where the manuscript had remained three or four years was Sidney Rigdon, afterward the

* "Origin, Rise, and Progress of Mormonism. Biography of its Founders and History of its Church. Personal Remembrances and Historical Collections hitherto unwritten. By Pomeroy Tucker, Palmyra, N. Y." New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. 1867.

first Mormon prophet. It is Mr. Tucker's theory, supported by a goodly array of facts, that Rigdon got possession of the manuscript, and used the money-digging proclivities of Joseph for a point of attachment around which to cluster the new revelation. It is very certain that Rigdon had paid Smith several mysterious visits before the Bible was discovered.

Mr. Tucker's account of the growth of Mormonism and the introduction of polygamy, which formed no part of the original revelation, but was a brilliant after-thought, is necessarily less full than his account of its origin. But it displays the leading facts in their order, and is a very welcome contribution to the literature of the time. But it is only the most external life of Mormonism that is here given—its occasions and excuses, and not its deep causes. There must have been a great deal of Mormonism in the air when it condensed so rapidly about such men as Smith and Rigdon. The philosophy of Mormonism is yet to be written. There are hints in Dixon's "New America" as to how this will be done. But it will need a more thorough-going man than Mr. Hepworth Dixon to do it properly.

The Hermitage, and Other Poems. By Edward Rowland Sill. (New York: Leopold & Holt. 1868.)—"The Fountain" is as favorable a specimen of Mr. Sill's poems as we can find in this volume, and we therefore quote it:

"Were it not horrible—
After all the dreams we dream,
Our yearnings and our prayers,
If this 'I' were but a stream
Of thoughts, sensations, joys, and pains,
Which, being clogged, no soul remains?
Even as the fountain seems to be
A shape of one identity,
But only is a stream of drops,
And when the swift succession stops,
The fountain melts and disappears,
Leaving no trace but scattered tears.
Yet even here, O foolish heart!
Thou wert not cheated of thy part;
Were it not better, even here,
To keep thy current pure and clear,
With pearly drops of dew to wet
The amaranth and violet,
And round thy crystal feet to shower
Blessings and beauty ever hour—
Better than in a sullen flow
To creep around the ground, and go
Wasting and sinking through the sand,
Because not always thus to stand?"

The moral purpose, discernible in almost all he writes, is plainly to be seen in this little poem; almost too plainly, but we are not in this case, as in the case of most of his poems, made sensible that the moral was made in one piece, and the poem, distinctively so-called, made in another, and the two then, in a more or less workmanlike manner, joined together. The elements are better fused in "The Fountain." Of the other way, the one more commonly used by Mr. Sill, "Faith" is a sample:

"The tree-top, high above the barren field,
Rising beyond the night's gray folds of mist,
Rests stirless where the upper air is scaled
To perfect silence, by the faint moon kiss'd.
But the low branches, drooping to the ground,
Sway to and fro, as sways funeral plume,
While from their restless depths low whispers sound—
'We fear, we fear the darkness and the gloom;
Dim forms beneath us pass and reappear,
And mournful tongues are menacing us here.'

"Then from the topmost bough falls calm reply—
'Hush, hush! I see the coming of the morn;
Swiftly the silent Night is passing by,
And in her bosom rosy Dawn is borne.
'Tis but your own dim shadows that ye see,
'Tis but your own low moans that trouble ye.'

"So Life stands, with a twilight world around;
Faith turned serenely to the steadfast sky,
Still answering the heart that sweeps the ground,
Sobbing in fear, and tossing restlessly—
'Hush, hush! the Dawn breaks o'er the Eastern sea,
'Tis but thine own dim shadow troubling thee.'"

Even had the thought not been so familiar, the last of these three stanzas would have been better away. We are not quite willing to say that the thought being so familiar, it might have been as well if all the stanzas had been away, the imagery being pretty and, on the whole, successful—adequate to the striking and pleasing expression of the ideas. Scattered through all the book are many pleasing similes and metaphors; such as this, for example:

"Still as the shadow of a brooding bird
That stirs but with her heart-beats;"

or this:

"Long curves of little shallow waves
Creep, tremulous with ripples, to the shore,
Till the whole bay seems smoothly sliding in
With edge of snow that melts against the sand;"

or this, better yet:

"On the brown, shining beach, all ripple-carved,
Gleams now and then a pool; so smooth and clear.

That, though I cannot see the plover there
Pacing its farther edge (so much he looks
The color of the sand), yet I can trace
His image hanging in the glassy brine—
Slim legs and rapier-beak—like silver-plate
With such a pictured bird clean-etched upon it."

It is needless to say that, among so many scattered single images—and so we should describe Mr. Sill's poems if compelled to extreme brevity—there are many which are infelicitous. An image-maker "amorous of perfection" of images, rather than of ideas, would hardly make this one:

"The hard ground seems to ache all day
Even for a sheet of snow to lay
Upon its icy feet and knees,
Stretched stiffly there to freeze and freeze."

Of the thoughts in the book we should say that they are such as any man might be glad enough to have had. But we have a decided opinion—one that meets with more favor from critics and readers than from persons of a poetical turn—that unless one has something new to say he should be encouraged to hold his tongue. In these poems, except the new things above-mentioned, we find nothing new, though almost all is good enough. The tone of the book is unobjectionable, or would be but for a little note of peevishness here and there audible. The bitterness of the hero of "The Hermitage" we take to be a dramatic bitterness merely, not properly the author's any more than that of the young man in "Maud"—the father of our hermit—was properly Mr. Tennyson's. Perhaps it is not necessary to say that these poems are full of passages suggested by other writers. We have space for but one out of a great number of instances. The laureate's "Isabel" had

"Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign,
The summer calm of golden charity."

And Mr. Sill's "Child Anna"—an odd enough way of speaking about a little girl—has "the fresh young mouth"—the same fresh young mouth—

"And all the tender looks, which charity
And many patient days
Leave round the lips."

This "Child Anna," by the way, is a pretty little piece.

There is nothing to be said against the production of such poems as these are as a means of self-culture, or rather as a means of innocent enjoyment; at any rate, there is nothing to be said that is of weight enough to be conclusive against the production of them; but we are bound to say that they are not poems that can live in the open light and wind, and we do not rejoice in their publication.

Our Grammar Schools. Why do they not furnish more and better material to our High Schools? A Lecture read before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association at Springfield, October 19, 1867. By Henry F. Harrington, Superintendent of Public Schools, New Bedford, Massachusetts. (Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.)—This is a bold, and, we do not hesitate to say, a much-needed criticism of the stupid and stultifying routine pursued in New England public grammar schools. It is so outspoken in its criticism that it is not perhaps surprising that it was received with little favor by the schoolmasters assembled at Springfield; yet this is only additional evidence to show that such criticism is needed. Men of every profession get fixed in old ways and hate to be disturbed. It is only by pressure from without that much-needed reforms can be accomplished.

We do not know why it is that while the American people are so lavish of expenditure on their schools they are so careless of what goes on within them. They will not tolerate old machinery in a cotton-mill an hour if better has been invented, but they will let the course of study of their schools fall behind the demands of the age a whole generation, content with seeing that they are well housed in costly and stately buildings. We do not hesitate to say that a reform in the course of study and methods of teaching of our ordinary grammar schools is entirely feasible which would increase their efficiency at least a hundred per cent.; and in this pamphlet the New Bedford superintendent has indicated the general character of the change which ought to be effected. He points out the narrowing effect of the study of the barren abstractions of grammar and arithmetic, begun long before the child is mentally capable of really grasping such subjects, and continued to the almost entire exclusion of those objective studies and that more natural concrete study, language, which should precede them in any course based upon a rational psychology. And he shows how the pedantic standards set up by the examinations required in passing from one grade of schools to another rob the higher schools of half their value. He might well have included in his criticism the entrance examination to our principal colleges; for nothing can well be conceived more at variance with the whole spirit and tendency of the times than the stupefying cram in Greek and Latin grammars which, to the exclusion of all

modern science, is the appointed method of admission to the privileges of Harvard and Yale.

We hope that Mr. Harrington's energetic pamphlet will have the effect of drawing attention to these important subjects. The teaching profession is just now in a transition state. Heretofore, almost any other occupation and profession has had greater attractions for men of ability than the school-masters' calling. The consequence is that the teaching of the young has fallen very much into the hands of women. This would be no misfortune if women received a proper training and education for the work. We believe that in the future a large part of the elementary training of children will remain in female hands; only women will be far better prepared than now for their difficult task. Yet we think there will be a field for masculine talent of a much higher order than most of that which is now engaged in the work when the arrangements and course of the study of our schools shall be brought more nearly into accordance with the demands of the times. There is no reason why the teaching of the young should be looked upon as a dry and wearing drudgery. It is capable of being elevated into a liberal profession with even less of mechanical drudgery appertaining to it than belongs to the professions now reckoned liberal. But it must be undertaken in a very different spirit and with very different aims and by a different class of minds from those which are now attracted to it.

It is a far more delicate and difficult task to base a course of study suited to the development of the youthful mind upon a rational psychology than to build the biggest brick school-house and furnish it with the very latest school furniture. Our progress in the latter task has therefore been far greater than in the former. But this cannot much longer be postponed if our schools are not to fall into discredit and contempt; and we cannot help thinking that the modern spirit of scientific enquiry will penetrate our schools and reorganize the course of study pursued there into a shape more consonant with the wants of these modern times. When that change has once taken place, it will be safe to predict that the apathy which exists in regard to our public-school system will disappear. The people will take a far greater interest in schools which produce real fruit, and the business of conducting them will begin to be attractive to some of the best minds in the community.

Mr. Harrington's pamphlet deals with some of the subjects which need investigation, and we hope it will fall into the hands of many thoughtful friends of educational progress.

Book of the Artist. American Artist Life, etc. By Henry T. Tuckerman. (New York: Putnam. 1867.)—This considerable octavo is a useful book, because containing biographical sketches of the more famous of the artists of the last and passing generations, and briefer notices of the more prominent of the new men. Slight as American attainment in the fine arts has been, it is interesting to Americans to read about it. For instance, students of art will not be found to agree with Mr. Tuckerman's estimate of the work of Vanderlyn, Benjamin West, Cole, and Chapman; but American students of art will always like to know something about the earliest American painters, however feeble their art may have been and however slight their influence upon the future of American art.

The one great fault of Mr. Tuckerman's book is its boundless optimism. To assume that our national art is as good as any nation's art is pleasantly flattering to our national vanity. To discuss the work of our better known painters as if they were, collectively, about equal to the painters of the Renaissance, makes it very easy to put on an appearance of critical discrimination in treating of each one. And the difficulty with all of this book that is not purely chronological is, that it assumes, in discussing the works of our artists, that a painter, *quid* painter, is a blessing to his country, and that therefore of all that is said of him a good ninety per cent. must be praise or "appreciative" criticism. There are able painters for whom our society is, and will be, better, happier, and wiser; and there are painters, and popular ones, whose work is unspeakably trivial, and others whose work is wrong and false. But all these—if only their names are known of men—Mr. Tuckerman's essay treats as individual powers of nearly equal, and certainly correlative, importance. No book of this kind will be really worthy of a permanent place among sound and sober treatises until there is some discrimination shown not only between the good and bad in one picture or one painter, but also between art which is essentially good and art which is essentially bad.

Cometh up as a Flower. An Autobiography. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.)—It is usually as hard to become sympathetic over a novel as to be properly moved by an acted tragedy. The wires are too evident, the puppets move too mechanically, and, with the best will in the world to be

amused, one finds the demand on one's imagination too heavy. In "Cometh up as a Flower" we have, however, a little love story so fresh and unhackneyed in feeling that we have read it with a great deal of pleasure. Its plot is one of the barest and simplest illustrations of the proverbial roughness of the course of true love, and the characters belong, with perhaps one exception, to types perfectly familiar in recent fiction; but the story is told with a directness, and the characters drawn with a freedom and grace, which quite give the book the autobiographical air which it assumes. The exception to which we refer is to be found in the person of the heroine, who is also the narrator of the story. She smells neither of bread and butter nor of the stables, two almost equally odorous extremes between which the heroines of most English novels vibrate, and is at the widest remove from the metaphysical and strong-minded nondescripts affected by our own writers. She is merely a very genuine little girl, innocent, passionate, and with a genius for loving, the story of whose loves and troubles is told with a simplicity and truth to nature which we think quite exceptional. There is in the book no attempt at any profundity of thought or sentiment to which such a girl would not naturally be equal; the incidents are not striking, and the conclusion is much too melancholy. Still, we have found it pleasant reading and recommend it as such.

Lotta Schmidt, and other Stories. By Anthony Trollope. (New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.)—If it were possible either to add to or subtract from such a reputation as Mr. Trollope's, we fancy that the latter ungrateful task might be performed by this volume of stories. We do not, however, anticipate any such unfortunate result from its republication. It might, perhaps, have been as well to confine to the public reached by the English magazines the emphatic assertion implied in these sketches, that their author's powers of observation are acute only when playing within a very limited English range; and that neither dramatic force, passion, nor imagination is to be expected from him. Yet, since no one ever credited him with the possession of these qualities, there is, after all, no harm done. It is, in fact, rather pleasant than otherwise to see the close resemblances which exist, to Mr. Trollope's apprehension, between Austrian and Italian lovers, and the Grace Crawleys and Lily Dales, the Major Grantleys and Johnny Eameses, with whom he and his readers were already familiar. Occasionally he essays a bolder flight, and, as in the case of Miss Ophelia Gledd, portrays a creature who, though certainly not English, belongs to no other species with which we are familiar. The story in which she appears is, however, the most amusing in the book, and we commend it to the careful consideration of Bostonian readers.

Titan Agonistes: the Story of an Outcast. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.)—The dulness of this book is so profound and unbroken, its wit is so witless, its sarcasm so pointless, its virtue so vicious, that the mind of the man who could write it, and the heart of the publisher who could deliberately print it, become curious subjects for speculation. A most painful and laborious reading, on our part, has neither succeeded in finding any plot which would survive transplanting into a review, nor been rewarded by the discovery of any chance redeeming feature in the shape of a fine idea, sentiment, or expression. The effect of the book is too nightmare-like to allow us even to laugh at the ponderous conceit of its title. Even its incessant coarseness, which in another case might call for a word of reprehension, becomes a matter of small moment when compared with the frightful weight and dulness which effectually neutralize all other objectionable characteristics.

Widow Spriggins, Mary Elmer, and Other Sketches. By Mrs. M. F. Whiteher. Edited by Mrs. M. L. Ward Whiteher. (New York: G. W. Carleton; London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.)—As we learn from a slovenly memoir prefaced to the book, the writer of "Widow Spriggins" and of "The Widow Belott Papers," was a Mrs. M. F. Whiteher, the wife of a country minister of this State. Her satirical abilities seem to have been sufficient to make her husband's congregation very angry with her and with him, though one would not have thought so beforehand. The insufficiency of them might seem a more probable reason. However that may be, "it soon became apparent that Mr. Whiteher's usefulness as a clergyman would find fewer obstacles in some other parish," and he moved away from Elmira. Mrs. Whiteher's book is hopelessly vulgar in tone and matter, and the illustrations that Mr. Carleton has put into it are a marvel of adaptation; possibly they are a shade more vulgar than the text. The credit of designing them belongs to Mr. J. H. Howard. Mrs. Whiteher's poetry is very bad as poetry, but it is seriously meant, and offends only by its dulness. So, too, of her serious prose, of which there are one or two pieces in the volume.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE NOMINATION OF GRANT.

THE humiliating experience which this country has had on two occasions of a President who deserted the party by which he was elected, and strove to create a new party devoted to his personal interests, has made all men of decided political convictions justly cautious of being again caught in the same snare. No honest and intelligent citizen, whether Republican or Democrat, can think with complacency of the possibility of repeating in 1870 the disgraceful intrigues of 1842 and 1866. Whatever error or wickedness there may be in the doctrines of a political party, there is, at any rate, some consolation in the certainty that such doctrines must be honestly believed by large masses of men before they could receive the sanction of a "platform." The particular men who frame a party platform may be utterly insincere; but the people for whose satisfaction it is made must generally believe in it, or it would not be supported by politicians. This is true even of a platform like that of the Whigs in 1852, which was despised by a majority of the party in the Northern States. It was not made to please that section of the party. It was framed by Southern politicians, and fairly represented the sentiments of all Southern Whigs and of fully one-third of the party at the North. Even if these did not include the majority of the party (which is doubtful), it cannot be disputed that the platform was heartily approved by a very large minority, and was adopted in deference to the wishes of the people, and not in servile submission to the will of one man.

Not only is there a strong feeling in opposition to all attempts to organize a personal party, but there is a great deal of doubt among earnest members of the Republican party as to the policy of nominating a candidate not unequivocally identified with its past history. A majority of the party are disposed to nominate General Grant, and probably have felt disposed to do so ever since April, 1865. But a large minority, including many of the most worthy, conscientious, and zealous Republicans, are dissatisfied with the prospect, and recall the names of Tyler and Fillmore as melancholy illustrations of the same mistake which has proved so disastrous in the nomination of Johnson. It will not do to override such men without convincing them. And as we do not agree with their conclusions, although fully sympathizing with their ultimate purposes, we shall endeavor to point out to them the distinctions between the cases which have caused trouble in the past and the policy to which they now object.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that it has always been a Vice-President, never an elected President, who has betrayed the confidence of his party so far as to show any tendency to go over to its adversary. Messrs. Pierce and Buchanan betrayed the confidence reposed in them by the people, but did so only out of their extreme servility to their party managers. Their error was precisely the opposite of that which has marked the career of some Vice-Presidents. It is scarcely necessary to enquire into the reasons of this difference while the fact of its existence is admitted. The position of a Vice-President is very unsatisfactory to an ambitious man; and when he unexpectedly finds himself promoted to the higher position, it may well happen that his head should be turned by an elevation for which he did not look, and was not qualified. He is selected, too, with reference only to the lower place, and in many cases is chosen purely from considerations of locality rather than with any regard to his ability or even to his national popularity. He is never a man who has had any reason to imagine that he could be a successful candidate for the Presidency, and he knows as well as any one that he is nominated for the Vice-Presidency because he is not deemed worthy, either then or ever, to be President. Succeeding to the Presidency by an accident, such a man is not likely to feel any particular gratitude to his party, which he knows not merely did not mean to put him where he is, but actually meant that he should never be put there. Sure to have a

policy of his own, he is less willing to defer to the wishes of his party than he would have been had he felt under obligations to it for his elevation. In these and other respects there is an obvious distinction between the case of a President elected by the people and that of one succeeding to the office by accident.

In the next place, the three Presidents who disappointed the expectations with which they were nominated were all notable politicians, whose past record was well known, and whose speeches had been quite as frequent as was desirable. Mr. Tyler had been in the Senate, as well as in other departments of public life, before his nomination as Vice-President. Mr. Fillmore had been the leader of his party in the House of Representatives. Mr. Johnson had, as is now pretty generally known, filled every office in the gift of the people, from alderman to senator. Nor were they silent men. Mr. Fillmore was not actually loquacious, but was never afraid to speak. It may be remembered that in 1856 he "swung around the circle" in anticipation of Mr. Johnson; and, though his manner was that of a gentleman, his success in that suicidal business was fully equal to that of our present Chief Magistrate. Mr. Tyler was an active debater; and, as to Mr. Johnson, everybody knows what he is and always was. It may therefore be inferred that mere readiness to speak is not a material safeguard against the disappointment of a party's hopes.

But again, it must be considered that only Messrs. Tyler and Johnson actually deserted their party; and that these men were both committed by their past record against the measures to which their party was inclined, while they had never recanted their former doctrines. The breach once made, they undoubtedly went much further than was required by mere consistency; but at the outset they simply wished to stand against the progress of their party. The Whig party of 1840 was not committed to the re-establishment of a national bank, while Mr. Tyler was committed against it. The Republican party of 1864 was not committed to equal suffrage, while Mr. Johnson was on record against it. It is true that Mr. Johnson broke with his party before it took final action in favor of equal suffrage; but it is also true that he, and almost every one else, saw that the tendency of the party was in that direction irresistible. Men who have determined to quarrel upon a remote issue seldom wait until that issue presents itself for decision.

Only two Presidents have been elected without having a decisive political record, and these were Washington and Taylor. The political history of the former is less familiar to Americans than any other part of his life, and it may therefore not be known to all our readers that he commenced his administration as a very moderate Federalist, striving to hold the balance between the rival parties, and eventually became a decided supporter of Federal doctrines, doing more for the party than was expected of him at his election. General Taylor, who defined himself as a "Whig, but not an ultra Whig," and from whom, a large slaveholder, no shadow of favor toward free-soil doctrines might have been expected, proved himself as good a Whig as anybody wanted, and a more effective advocate of measures which could only result in the exclusion of slavery from the new Territories than any avowed Free-Soiler. Had he lived through his term, it is almost certain that the infamous Fugitive Slave bill could never have passed, and that Texas would have received no bribe to induce her to surrender New Mexico, while it is not improbable that Southern treason would have been sternly crushed by a Southern man. A wise though severe decree ordered it otherwise. A Northern man, formerly in sympathy with moderate Abolitionists, and universally supposed, before his election, to be a Free-Soiler, succeeded to the Presidency, and by his influence brought about all the humiliating events of 1850, thus leading the South into the abyss of 1860.

Applying these lessons of history to the political affairs of the present day, it appears to us that the masses of the Republican party desire a guaranty that the work of reconstruction upon the basis of equal suffrage shall be carried on to success, yet in such a spirit of moderation as shall ensure good government, and prevent the unchecked supremacy of either race at the South over the other. The majority of the party, in short, want to establish equality at the South—not to give dominion to either side. A large and important minority would prefer to leave a qualified and carefully restrained dominion to the white race ex-

clusively; while there is but a very small minority in favor of giving exclusive dominion, or anything equivalent to it, to the negro race. A Presidential nomination is to be made which shall unite in cordial assent all wings of the Republican party, and secure the control of public affairs to men of Republican sentiments. That General Grant will command the enthusiastic support of all who are called conservative Republicans, there is no doubt. That he is the choice of a great majority of the party, acting spontaneously and quite irrespectively of the manipulations to which a well-known and veteran politician attaches such importance, is certain. But the active interest taken in the general's success by a suspicious class of politicians, and his own reticence and non-political character, excite (as we have before said) distrust in the minds of some of the most earnest and faithful Republicans. They want a guaranty against a renewal of the Tyler and Johnson experiences, and are unwilling to accept a candidate purely upon trust.

Gen. Grant is in a position of great delicacy, and one in which he can better serve his country than he can as a mere candidate for the Presidency. He is in command of the army, subject to the President, and to him only. Would it be decorous or desirable for him to make speeches, or write letters, or enter into conversations, for the purpose of indicating his opposition to the policy of his superior officer? We do not admire the spectacle of a President making speeches in opposition to co-ordinate branches of the government; but still less should we like to see the General of the Army engaged in arousing public feeling against his own commander. The only thing that could be more offensive would be the servility which should lead him to go out of the path of duty to flatter his superior. Gen. Grant is at present a purely military man, and the less soldiers, *as such*, have to do with dictating our civil policy, the better will it be for us as a people.

But whenever, in the course of regular duty, Gen. Grant has had occasion to express an opinion, his sentiments have proved satisfactory. His views upon the admission of the Southern States, in 1865, were not entirely in harmony with those of the Republican party in 1866; but upon the aspect of affairs, as he then saw them, a majority of the party would probably have agreed with him. The sentiments of his correspondence with the President during last summer must have been satisfactory to every Radical who was not determined to object to him. His *acts* are as unexceptionable as those of any other public man. He has selected and sustained, so far as was in his power, assistants in the work committed to him who were faithful, efficient, and resolved to carry out the will of Congress. He has, therefore, a record; and it is one entirely consistent with the policy of the Republican party.

Again, there is no successful general of the war, still in service, to whom the same objections, or more serious ones, could not be made. Yet what radical Republican has had reason to complain of Thomas, Sheridan, or Schofield? There seems to be something in their vocation which makes real soldiers more obedient to the people, and more faithful to the spirit of the nation, than other classes of public men. They do not travel as rapidly in political affairs as some other men, but they are at least as certain to arrive at a sound conclusion, and they make thorough work when they reach it.

We have no such absolute faith in General Grant as would lead us to favor his nomination independent of party, or without any distinct enunciation of principles. He must, when the proper time arrives, be put upon a sound political platform, and must stand there. Much will depend upon the men who gather round him, and upon his own opinion of their relative values. But this is true of every servant of the public, and only adds to the reasons why good men should take such a part in his support as will entitle them to his confidence. All the disreputable politicians of the Republican party are flocking around the Grant flag—not that they care for Grant, but that they may secure the spoils of victory. We believe that a majority of the best men are satisfied of the general's integrity, ability, and fidelity to the party; and we hope that they will exert such an influence as shall ensure a victory which will require no distribution of plunder.

One consideration we must add before closing. It would be an excellent thing to have a President *without a policy*. It is the business of Congress to frame a policy, and the business of the President to execute it. For many years the opposite theory has prevailed, and has

led to boundless corruption. It is the fact that a policy is the President's *own*, or that he thinks so, which makes him so anxious to bribe men into its support. This theory of government has, in the times of Buchanan and Johnson, almost led to revolution, and has now culminated in the present discreditable administration of public affairs. We shall be heartily glad to see an end of this mode of government; and we think an opportunity is presented for putting an end to it, by the election of a man sympathizing with, but not dictating, the popular decision, and who will carry it out *because* it is the will of the people, and not because it is the will of President Grant.

THE SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

THE question of returning to specie payments is one in which we are all more or less interested. It is also a question concerning which every one has, and is entitled to have, his own opinion. It is furthermore a question upon which very few people have seriously reflected, and which has become so hidden by the clouds of dusty verbiage raised around it by quacks and nostrum dealers, that few people have the courage to select it as a subject for their reflections. We propose to show that some of these clouds can be blown away, and that the question itself is neither so profound nor so complicated as is generally supposed.

When we talk of resuming specie payments, we generally mean returning to that financial condition which prevailed before specie payments were suspended—a condition in which, under ordinary circumstances, the one-dollar note of a responsible, sound bank, not too far removed from New York city, would purchase at par a gold dollar of United States coinage. From that condition we are now so far removed that it requires one dollar and thirty-four or thirty-five cents of the best bank-bills now in circulation to purchase the coin in question.

To what is this difference attributable? Nine persons out of ten will answer, to the war; and in a general way this is undoubtedly the correct answer. But if the difference is attributable to the war, why has it not ceased with peace? The answer to this is, because peace has not yet removed those great results of war, our inflated currency and our national debt. But if the difference is due to our inflated currency and our national debt, how is it that the difference itself is ten per cent. greater to-day than it was on the first of May, 1866, when the currency was more inflated by one hundred and fifty millions than it is now, and when the debt was larger by two hundred millions than it is now, and when gold stood at 125—a point which it has never since reached again? To this question the answer is not easy; indeed, most difficult. For, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, neither the war, nor the currency inflation, nor the national debt, had, or has, directly, anything to do with the suspension of those specie payments which everybody now desires to see restored.

The New York banks are not the only banks that ever suspended specie payments, nor did they, in 1860, suspend for the first time. The banks of England and of France, among others, have suspended specie payments, and have done so in times of peace as well as in times of war. The banks of New York suspended specie payments in 1837 and 1857 as well as in 1860. At the two former dates there certainly was no war, no debt, no inflated currency, while even in 1860 the war was only in prospect, and the great debt and the currency inflation were scarcely dreamed of. It is evident not only that in other countries, and in this country at other times, specie payments have been suspended without being due to the causes to which our present suspension has been attributed, but also that these causes were not even in operation at the time of the present suspension. If, then, suspension was not caused by war, by currency inflation, or by the national debt, what was it caused by?

Were it not that the fact is habitually ignored, it would scarcely be worth while to remind our readers that specie payments were *not* suspended by an act of Congress. Acts of Congress have indeed legalized and intensified and altered the character of this suspension; but long before Congress thought that it would be called upon to legislate on currency, or banking, or any other of the many cognate questions that it so little understands, the banks *had* suspended specie payments, for the

reason that they had not and could not procure coin enough to meet their indebtedness.

The business of a bank consists in receiving money on deposit and lending it out. Money left on deposit with a bank can be withdrawn at a moment's notice. But the money lent by a bank to merchants or others is generally lent for a specified time, and cannot be called in by the bank until that time expires. If, therefore, a bank receives the funds of fifty people on deposit to-day, and lends out the whole of them to-morrow, and some or all of the depositors demand back their money the third day, the bank is, of course, unable to furnish it, or, in other words, fails. Now, the experience of many years, and of many banks, has shown that of fifty people who to-day deposit one or two hundred dollars each in a bank, not over one-third will be likely to want their money back within a given time, say sixty days. If, therefore, the bank lends out for sixty days only two-thirds of the amounts received on deposit, it is almost certain to have enough funds left on hand to pay all its depositors who may want their money during that time. Or, in other words, if it retains funds enough on hand to pay one-third of the amount which it owes to depositors, it is not likely ever to fail. This one-third rule, derived from years of experience, worked well in New York. In other parts of the country, different proportions were found to be necessary for safe banking, while in other countries still different proportions prevail, and in England the whole financial world is regulated by a rule so absurd, so complicated, and so thoroughly based upon a disregard of common sense, that it would break the whole community if not periodically suspended. But neither Sir Robert Peel's famous Bank act, long venerated as the *chef d'œuvre* of financial legislation, nor the one-third rule of this country, nor the two-fifths rule of Continental bankers, has prevented the banks of all countries from failing more or less often, for the simple reason that, although in ordinary times only one depositor out of three or four is likely to ask for his money, yet there are constantly recurring extraordinary times, in which five out of six, or perhaps all, of the depositors of a bank ask for their money at once. When the extraordinary influence is wide-spread, and affects all banks alike, thus preventing them from assisting one another, the consequence is the inevitable failure of all. A bank, like any other corporation, or like a private individual, when it is unable to pay what it owes at the time when it is due, simply fails. If its creditors are willing to give it time, and if the bank is, after this voluntary delay on the part of its creditors, able to pay, it resumes its business, resumes payments, and continues as before.

A bank that issues currency practically borrows coin, and gives therefor a printed promise to pay that coin on demand. It receives the coin of its depositors, and promises to return it on demand, and it borrows other coin which it likewise promises to pay on demand. Of the coin so borrowed and received on deposit it lends out two-thirds, knowing that in ordinary times the other third will suffice to meet all demands upon it. Extraordinary times ensue, the one-third of coin on hand does not suffice to redeem the claims presented for payment, and the bank fails. But instead of actually failing, the bank declares that it can pay all it owes, but that it cannot pay *in coin*; that it can give its well-secured "promises to pay" to all its creditors, if they will only consent to take the promises instead of the coin. If the inability of the banks to pay in coin is general, and caused by some great calamity or some unforeseen change in the course of trade, and not by mismanagement on the part of individual banks, the public is almost always willing to temporarily accept the promises, the bank-notes, the currency in place of the coin, and this legalized or implied temporary public acceptance of the promises of the banks in place of the coin which is rightly due is called "a suspension of specie payments."

In 1857, the course of the foreign trade of the country required an unexpectedly heavy export of coin. Whoever owed abroad presented to the banks the promises which he held, and demanded the coin. The banks were unable to supply the demand, and suspended specie payments. But they acknowledged their liability to pay coin, and as soon as they had procured a sufficient supply of gold they resumed specie payments, and paid off their indebtedness in coin as it was due.

In 1860, the fear of civil war in the United States caused its inhabitants to draw from the banks and to hoard large amounts of gold coin, no less than eighty millions of dollars in one year. The drain

upon the banks was so great that they were unable to meet it; as in 1857, they were compelled to suspend specie payments; as in 1857, they acknowledged their coin indebtedness, and no doubt at some early day proposed to resume—that is, to pay in coin the indebtedness on which their creditors had granted them an unspecified extension of time. But the action of Congress in passing the Legal Tender act entirely destroyed the claim which their creditors had upon the banks, the banks became not only enabled but were morally entitled to buy up at a discount their no longer valid promises to pay coin, and thus actually to cancel all evidence of their indebtedness. Many of the banks did so, some failed entirely and were wound up, others were destroyed by the National Bank act, and the rest surrendered the charters under which they formerly existed and became national banks.

It must be evident that the present so-called suspension of specie payments is a very different thing from the actual suspension of 1857, and that there can be no question about resuming specie payments now in the sense in which we resumed specie payments in 1858. Then the banks which had suspended resumed specie payments by paying off their delayed coin indebtedness. Now the coin indebtedness existing in 1861 has actually been paid off or cancelled, and the debt itself has disappeared with the banks that owed it. The present banks did *not* suspend. They have never borrowed coin or received coin on deposit that they have not paid. The present banks have never promised or agreed to pay coin to their depositors or bill-holders, and no greater instance of popular injustice can well be imagined than the prevailing clamor to compel them to *resume* specie payments when they have never *suspended*.

The people are suffering from the effects, only too well described by the slang term "demoralizing," of an irredeemable currency. The experience of the present generation, until 1861, was limited to irredeemable currency due to bank suspension alone, and hence the present irredeemable currency is naturally attributed to the same cause. We have shown that the popular belief in this respect is unfounded. The true origin of our present irredeemable currency must first be clearly understood before intelligent measures can be taken to substitute another for it.

TESTIMONIALS IN ART AND LITERATURE.

WE had some weeks ago a brief discussion with Mr. Prang as to the artistic value of his chromo-lithography, in which he laid it down that, whether his chromos were or were not the best reproductions possible of the originals, they were sufficiently good to supply those who could afford nothing better with the means of art education. There is on this point much more to be said on both sides than either Mr. Prang or we have said, but we do not at present propose to revive the discussion of it. The remarks we are about to make now are upon the custom in which Mr. Prang indulges, and not he only, but a large number of publishers, artists, authors, and even scientific men, of proving the goodness of their wares by the testimony of well-known persons, simply because they are well-known, and without any reference whatever to the nature of their training and capacity. It may seem at first sight as if this was simply the presentation in a new shape of the old controversy between the authors and the critics, in which Mr. Tupper, the "Country Parson," and others have enjoyed such an easy triumph. In that controversy, however, the author or artist simply says: The excellence of a work is proved by its pleasing the majority; a dozen or two critics say my novel or my poem or my picture or my moralizing is bad; but forty or fifty thousand persons have purchased it and enjoyed it, therefore the critics were wrong, and it matters nothing to me what they say. But this is not the ground taken by Mr. Prang and the others to whom we now refer. When you say to Mr. Tupper or Dr. Holland that the stuff he has been writing is flat, stale, and unprofitable, and proceed to give reasons for thinking so, drawn from various canons of criticism, he simply goes behind the counter, produces his publisher's book, and floors you by showing accounts. When he sees that twenty thousand people like his philosophy or his poem, he not unnaturally concludes that you are a fool for not liking it, and he will get the greater portion of the public to agree with him. For all practical purposes, right is with the big battalions in literature as well as in war. But, in the case before us, the producer does not rely on the verdict of the majority; he works for the majority, but he does not admit in terms that the majority always knows

what is good for it. He accordingly, when he prepares a dish of art or literature for it, has it tasted by a sort of committee of "eminent citizens," selected, however, not on account of their special knowledge of the matter in hand, but of what is called their "prominence in the community." Distinguished clergymen or philanthropists or bankers or merchants or lawyers are called upon to say whether or no a picture or poem or novel is a good one—that is, whether the public *ought* to like it and will profit by it—and their opinion is put forward, not simply as their opinion, but as proof of goodness, although they may be as poor judges of poetry or painting as of horses or tobacco. We remember when "Cudjo's Cave" first made its appearance the publisher long relied in his advertisements on the written testimony of Chief-Justice Chase that the book had amused and entertained him a good deal. Yet Chief-Justice Chase's satisfaction with it was in itself, and, in the absence of any specific knowledge as to his taste or cultivation, no more reason for thinking it a good novel and for buying it than the testimony of any obscure man in the community. Lawyers are not often good judges of works of fiction, and it may be that in the matter of romance Mr. Chase's critical faculty is so feeble that he would be entertained, for instance, by "St. Elmo." Lord Eldon used to go frequently to the opera during the London season, but not knowing one tune from another found it a bore, and, as he used to call it, "opera at-que labores," and was in the habit of taking naps in the back of the box during the performance. Probably, however, there was some one opera—perhaps a noisy and very scenic one—which amused him; but if the composer or manager had hawked about a note from him to this effect, as proof of the goodness of the piece, he would have been guilty of a fraud—a mild one, we admit, but still a fraud on the community, although it would no doubt have helped him to fill the house.

When a composer or artist says, "See what So-and-So, the great orator or the great philanthropist or the great lawyer, says about my concert or my picture," he gives you to understand by the very display of his satisfaction that So-and-So knows something about pictures and music, and that his testimony may therefore be of some use to you in forming your own opinion. If he were to tell you what is perhaps the real truth, that So-and-So knows only enough music to distinguish "Yankee Doodle" from "God Save the Queen," or that he had never knowingly looked on a good picture in his life, that he had never given any attention to drawing or color or perspective, was deficient in physical perception, and simply thought well of music and pictures because he had read that their influence was humanizing and because he saw other people enjoying them, you would at once conclude either that the composer or artist was a very silly person, or that he thought you were one when he adduced So-and-So's testimony. A philanthropist may, for instance, believe on general principles and on the authority of others that popular concerts exercise a civilizing influence, and may therefore very properly employ all his influence in promoting popular concerts. In doing this he is in his proper sphere. But if without special knowledge he undertakes to certify that Musard or Jullien or Christy or Dan Bryant furnishes just the kind of music which is best fitted to improve the popular taste, he consciously or unconsciously lends himself to the propagation of a mild but still mischievous kind of humbug.

We draw our illustration from music, because in it the absurdity of the testimonial business is apparent at a glance to nearly everybody, inasmuch as nearly everybody hears more or less music. Those who cannot tell the difference between good and bad music know at least enough to be conscious of their own ignorance, and to feel ashamed of writing "testimonials" for singing-masters, or violinists, or the conductors of orchestras. But the absurdity, though less obvious, is just as great in the matter of painting or imitation of painting. There are in it, as in music, different degrees of excellence, and the degrees are apparent only to the cultivated eye, just as in music they are only apparent to the cultivated ear. A man who is not familiar with good pictures, and has not studied them with greater or less care, whose powers of observation have not undergone some training, and who has not had his taste and imagination chastened, more or less, by mental culture, may be ever so anxious that poor people should have good pictures on their walls, but whether any particular chromo or wood-cut is the best kind of chromo or wood-cut for the poor man's walls he cannot tell for the life of him; and let his humanitarian zeal be what it may, he ought not to pretend that he knows. The matter is, from a merely artistic point of view, becoming of some importance, as the chromo trade is springing up all over the country, and each manufacturer is pushing his business by getting letters from distinguished humanitarians and philosophers testifying that the people ought to have plenty of chromos, and that the particular chromos before them are just the ones the people ought to have, and that in their eyes they are fully as good as the paintings of which they profess

to be copies. Now this, whatever else it may be, is not the way to improve art. It is not the way to adorn poor men's walls with good reminders of beautiful things. As long as chromo-dealers can sell their wares by the aid of such agencies as this, they will naturally devote their energies rather to increasing the number of their testimonials than to the improvement of their work.

But the matter is to us of still greater importance on other grounds, on which we have once or twice touched in treating a different class of questions. There has been but one other democracy in the world which reached the highest excellence in art and literature, and which was content with nothing less than excellence, and that, unfortunately, was an ancient one. In modern times the term "democratic," in all that relates to quality, is a synonym for what, in slang phrase, is called "cheap and nasty." We have cultivated, and are cultivating, the humanitarian feeling to such a degree that our attention is mainly given to diffusion, little or none to quality. We are so eager to have all men have pianos and carpets and pictures that we care little, and are every day caring less, as to what kind of pianos or carpets or pictures they are. This is in reality what lies at the bottom of most of the denunciations we hear of the gimcrack furniture, the shoddy cloth, the sham jewellery, and sham everything for which our age beyond all other ages is famous. Now, diffusion is an excellent work. We would not say a word against it. We believe the more equal distribution of all the good things of life to be in an especial manner the characteristic and aim of modern civilization. We would not take from anybody on whom "the enthusiasm of humanity" has settled one jot or tittle of the credit to which he is entitled. As long as the world stands, to him who loves much much must be given. But we run much risk through this devotion to diffusion of having our civilization dwarfed and degraded by indifference to quality, of having not only excellence but the love of excellence perish out of the world through very excess of good nature. In St. Peter's enumeration of Christian virtues knowledge stands very high in the list, high above even brotherly kindness and charity. We, in our work of social and political reform, have placed it almost below everything else. In the work of charity proper—that is, the relief of the very poor, the reformation of the vicious, and the education of the young—it has, it is true, asserted its sway. Our philanthropists and teachers now do their work on scientific principles. The medieval philanthropist went out on the high-road and gave indiscriminately to everybody who came in his way. The philanthropist of our time gives nothing without thinking of the remote as well as of the immediate consequences of his giving; of the effect on the community at large of his treatment of each individual case. He has learnt that to be truly kind one must have the courage to seem to be cruel.

But this feeling of the value of knowledge has not as yet made its way into other fields of reform. A man is listened to with the profoundest respect on any subject he pleases to discourse upon, and really thinks himself, with the encouragement of the public, an authority upon it if only he have distinguished himself as a humanitarian. The result is that we are treated every day to the singular spectacle of gentlemen delivering discourses on the currency and taxation, and sitting on finance committees of Congress, and pronouncing themselves with the utmost confidence on the knottiest questions of jurisprudence, simply in virtue of the fact that for many years they have devoted themselves to the anti-slavery cause or have been greatly interested in common schools. We see, too, clergymen getting up in the pulpit and laying down plans of legislation in support of good morals, without having given or without professing to have given any attention whatever to the principles or history or conditions of legislation. They tell you that they are friends of temperance or friends of chastity, and then expect you to listen open-mouthed. We see, too, the critical spirit getting more and more to be considered simply an indication of an acrid or unkind temper, just as street-beggars consider the man who refuses to give alms indiscriminately a heartless aristocrat. Criticism, however, is not carping; it is not a sign of indifference to the welfare of the human race. To criticise means to note real distinctions, to take facts into account, to look to remote consequences, to recall past experience, to think of general as well as of individual good. It is of itself useless. Without the enthusiasm of humanity at its back it is simply an intellectual diversion; but with humanity it is an essential condition of sound and healthy progress.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, November 29, 1867.

THE return of winter is heralded not only by the sudden frosts which have so greatly elated the enthusiasts of the skating club, but by the recurrence of St. Cecilia's Day, with the grand musical celebration in honor of the patroness of music and in aid of the society for the relief of indigent

votaries of the divinest of the arts, which takes place every year on that anniversary in the noble old church of St. Eustache. The festival has been celebrated this year with even more than the usual imposing array of genius and talent, the work selected for performance being Beethoven's wonderful mass in D minor; that colossal creation which has come to be regarded not only as the culminating example of "the third style" of the immortal *maestro*, but as constituting the most sublime expression of his genius. This great work, seldom heard out of Germany, and never before performed in France, and which, with its complicated difficulties of intonation and of execution, is at once the puzzle of musicians and the terror of singers, was, on the day referred to, most superbly rendered by the entire force of the unrivalled orchestra of the Conservatoire and a choir composed of the hundred pupils of that establishment and three hundred of the best pupils of the communal schools of Paris—in all, four hundred voices—the whole being under the leadership of that prince of wielders of the *bâton*, M. Pasdeloup. The vast edifice was crammed to its utmost capacity, all lovers of music in this city on that particular day having made it a point of honor to be present.

The early opening of the legislative session has compelled the court to forego its usual autumnal sojourn at Compiègne, and will bring the master and mistress of the Taileries back to that residence as soon as the repairs now going on in the Imperial apartments are completed. It is said that the Empress, desirous to ensure employment for the artificers of luxury that constitute so important a fraction of the population of Paris, has determined that the coming "season" shall be an exceedingly gay one. The series of official gayeties has just been inaugurated by a splendid reception at the residence of the "talking minister," M. Rouher, and the grandees of the senate, legislature, and finance will shortly be outrivalling one another in brilliant and costly entertainments. The opera has just announced that the first of the eight famous masked balls that take place on Saturdays, at midnight, previous to Lent, will be given on the 20th of the coming month, and the *sommités* of the *demi-monde* are already busy in devising the extravagant costumes which figure so prominently at those renowned but unedifying gatherings. The usual display of costly trifles, destined to make havoc in the purses of the givers of New Year's gifts, has not yet taken possession of the shop-windows of the capital, but the victims of custom and vanity know that their doom is rapidly approaching, and are preparing, more or less resignedly, to meet it.

The operas and theatres have had an unusually successful year, thanks to the crowds drawn hither by the now defunct Exhibition; and the clerical journals are comparing, with undisguised bitterness, the monthly returns of the organization for the collecting throughout the entire Catholic world of "Peter's Pence" with the receipts of the Parisian theatres; and showing that, while the month of October contributed only 100,000*f.* to the Papal exchequer, "Robert le Diable," "Duke Job," "La Dame Blanche," "La Cagnotte," "La Biche au Bois," "Peau d'Ane," "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," "Les Faux Bonshommes," and "L'Œil Crevé" (the latter, with its charming songs, the rage of the moment), have netted, during the same period, close upon three millions.

The operatic and theatrical world, encouraged by the continuous successes of the last six months, are in a fever of preparation for the coming season. La Nilsson, who has exchanged her position at the Lyric Theatre for an engagement at the Grand Opera, is achieving a fresh triumph in "Guillaume Tell;" La Patti is basking in the full sunshine of public favor at the Italiens; Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, in Gounod's charming opera of "Romeo and Juliet," is drawing crowded houses at the Théâtre Lyrique; the latest creation of the prolific muse of Offenbach, "Robinson Crusoe" (which the Parisians persist in writing "Crusoe," and making three syllables of, as they invariably do of "Defoe" and "Edgar Poe"), brought out a few nights ago with magnificent decorations, at the Opéra Comique, promises to be as popular as "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée," and "La Grande Duchesse," by the same inexhaustible composer of merry and sparkling melodies; while "Généviève de Brabant," by the same author, now in course of rehearsal at the Menus-Plaisirs, is said to be destined to throw all its predecessors into the shade. The revival of "Les Faux Bonshommes" at the Variétés, and of George Sand's "Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré" at the Odéon, must also be numbered among the successes of the moment.

The Hall of the Athénée, in the Rue Scribe, after trying to get itself filled with the aid of lectures, concerts, etc., has just turned itself into a theatre and will open its doors to the public in the course of a few days. It has just given its first full-dress rehearsal, when the administration celebrated the event by a distribution of punch to all concerned, the latter, of course, drinking the same with an enthusiastic toast to the success of the undertaking.

The Chess Club of this city, under the presidency of Prince Murat, which corresponds with kindred organizations all the world over, and which got up, while the Exhibition was going on, an "International Chess Tournament," in which M. Kalisch, of Hamburg, was the victor, is just now much excited by the approaching trial of skill between its members and M. Kalisch, who, elated by his recent triumph, has challenged twenty of its members, engaging to play the twenty games simultaneously. This curious affair comes off on Monday next at the rooms of the Club.

The gay world is looking forward with equal interest to the approaching trial of the heads of one of the calumnious little daily papers which have become so popular here during the last two years, the said editors being sued by the Princess von Metternich for certain disparaging insinuations against herself which recently appeared in the paper in question. "It is not the Princess von Metternich-Winebourg, it is not the Austrian ambassadress at the court of France, who brings this suit against the editors of the *Corsaire*," says the angry lady, in speaking of this affair, "it is simply Madame de Metternich, whose dignity as a wife and a mother is outraged by the calumnious aspersions of that journal." The sympathy of the public is altogether on the side of the witty and brilliant princess, who is so great a favorite here that we are to have this winter, besides the fashionable new "Metternich green," "the Metternich fan," "the Metternich sash," "the Metternich toque," and "the Metternich boot."

A pretty innovation has also been made on the monotony of the bills of fare always laid beside the plate of each guest at fashionable dinner-parties, and consisting of a card with a little water-color drawing surmounting the list of dishes to be offered to the company. These drawings may be landscapes, bunches of flowers, or groups of figures, but in all cases exquisitely executed, and intended to be kept by each guest as a *souvenir* of an agreeable meeting. The new fashion has been originated by the Duchess de Mouchy, who painted with her own hands a series of these cards for the guests at one of her recent dinners. The innovation was voted "charming;" and no dinner party of any pretension to fashion will be, for some time to come, considered "perfect" without these ornamented "*menus*." Susse and Giroux will presently deal a first blow at the new fashion by bringing out cards with designs in chromo-lithograph, accessible to a lower range of purses, and the inferior stationers will then extinguish it altogether by printing off a host of squibs and caricatures ~~also~~ *also* a few sous the dozen, and thus drive the amphytrions of the Olympian Aratum back to the primitive costliness of gold-lettered white satin.

The movement for giving a better secondary education to girls, lately inaugurated by the decision of M. Duruy, and against which the fiery new pamphlet of the Bishop of Orleans is fulminating so violently, has led, in the town of Orleans, to the formation, for carrying out the liberal views of the Minister of Public Instruction, of an association which opened its classes a few days ago at the Mairie of Orleans, with the aid of the professors of the college, and in the presence of the prefect, mayor, and deputies. Thirty-nine pupils, belonging to respectable families of the town, had entered their names, and all came to the opening, accompanied by their mothers or other female relatives, who made up an interested auditory of about eighty respectable women. The bishop will doubtless publish a second pamphlet, still more violent than the first, against the "demoralizing tendency" of all intellectual culture beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic when imparted to the unwhiskered half of humanity.

A rumor now prevalent among the American colony in this city—unusually numerous this year—attributes to the United States Minister here, General Dix, the intention of resigning his post. According to one version of the rumor, the general, foreseeing the possibility of a change in the home policy of his government, prefers to resign his position rather than risk finding himself superseded. According to another version, the general is indisposed to continue in a position which, however brilliant, compels him to spend \$10,000 a year beyond the amount of his official salary; while, according to the third version, the general, as president of the Pacific Railway Company, finds a residence here incompatible with his duties as head of that important and magnificent undertaking.

Fine Arts.

PICTURES ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.

As we in New York have for the present no public or otherwise permanent collections of works of art for the use of the people, we must make the most we can of the ever-changing exhibition which the enterprise of the great dealers provides for us. There is to be no Gambart collection exhibited this year. Be the reasons what they may, Mr. Pilgeram and his

French, English, and Belgian canvases will not be visible at the Tenth Street gallery or elsewhere; and the regular picture-dealers have not been showing us many pictures of importance this past autumn, until now there is an interesting lot of pictures to be seen at Mr. Knoedler's gallery. A few of these are the property of a New York gentleman who has brought them recently from Europe; the rest are sent out by Goupil & Co. to take their chances for sale. And first we name two pictures by our old acquaintance, Florent Willems, each of a single figure. One of these pictures is called "Le Printemps," and has to do with a lady in a white dress and huge straw hat, in the fashion of no matter what particular year—perhaps of none—a young lady and a rosy, who comes in through a curtained doorway, her apron full of flowers, and meets us face to face. And in the other picture another young lady, quite like the former—she also in white satin and a broad-flapped straw hat, with "hands half-gloved," as Mr. Page has it in his jocose catalogue to an important exhibition of his pictures—is taking a last glance at herself in a little hand-mirror before going out. A splendid shaggy-legged greyhound is waiting for and watching this second lady, and his presence makes this the better picture of the two. Apart from him, the pictures are too strong in drapery and accessories, and too weak in human interest, to be pictures of sentiment, while they do not reach great excellence in color nor in harmonies of line. They are painted with great skill, they are wonderfully smooth and high-wrought, but this smoothness and high finish is of absolutely no importance. No great artist, no man who is truly an artist, would aim at this glossy surface to his completed work. As an end, roughness is nothing, smoothness is nothing, but harmonies of color are everything; and as a means it is probable that this smoothness is not compatible with the handling of a colorist, nor to be found in the work of any painter to whom color is the great thing.

The pictures of Jean Leon Gérôme are a further proof of this. It has been well said of this famous and truly able painter that his execution is masterly, because he executes each part and passage of his picture once for all, needing no alteration, but that "it is because he does not see color that he is able to leave each passage when it is done." And the same writer says—perhaps too sharply, but still with a sharp truth—that Gérôme "paints generally in mud and ink, which he tries to redeem by isolated imitations of bright colors, but he is incapable of color synthesis. He does his bits of bright color very cleverly, but his best works are those which look most like studies in sepia." Now, M. Gérôme's picture which is before us—the Louis XIV. and Molière, painted in 1862—marks fairly enough the change in his style which brought him to his present peculiarly uniform handling; and it was about two years afterward that a clever French critic spoke of Gérôme, "who is detestable, because his execution imitates the bellies of frogs." This Louis XIV. is not one of his best half-dozen pictures, but it is a fair enough sample of his style and tone, and an examination of it will show the defects which are visible in all his work. Here is a blue dress; here is a lighter blue coat; here is a red coat laced with gold; here is every color of the rainbow, and yet a sufficiency of subdued tones as well. But the result is harsh, it is patchy; a photograph of one of his pictures is always more pleasing than the picture itself—but of this picture there is a large engraving, and that is much more beautiful than its original.

M. Gérôme's drawing is nearly always fine; his figures are generally well rounded, without excessive darkness or other exaggeration of shadow; his gradations of tone well managed; his conception of a subject, though hardly imaginative, is complete, rational, scholarly; his passionless recording of Oriental scenes, and his studious reproduction of scenes of classical antiquity, can hardly fail to be a lasting benefit to true historical art. The photographs published by Goupil & Co. of his many pictures are exceedingly interesting and worthy of study; we have said above that his pictures take well, as indeed they must. At Mr. Knoedler's store not long since there was a magnificent collection of these photographs, taken with especial care for the great Paris Exhibition of this year, and this fine portfolio could be bought for less than one of the originals. A student can hardly understand one important side of modern art until he knows "The Gladiators" well, nor another side well until he knows "The Almée." But it has been necessary to insist less upon his best recognized merit, and to speak of his not so well known deficiencies.

M. Emile Plassan can color; few French painters can color so well. It is a great pleasure to see so fine a picture of his as the little family scene near the Gérôme. And there are three other pictures by him in these galleries, although not so large or so masterly as the one we have named. M. Plassan does not always draw nor always compose with the calmness shown in this picture of the "Morning at Home"—as it might be called—and in this one are seen his habitual fault of slighting detail, as in folds of drapery and the like, and of too great dependence upon an excessive rosiness of complexion. His

pictures are unelaborated and incomplete in comparison with the consummate work of either Willems or Gérôme, but they hold their own with either by their purely artistic properties. Less of a student, probably a less thorough observer of character and of form, than either, Plassan can see color and they cannot.

The celebrated name of Meissonier is represented here by a thoroughly characteristic work, a little picture of booted and buff-coated soldiers smoking and playing cards—perfection in its own way; admirable boots and buff-coats, sword-hilts and corslets; admirably well drawn men; perfectly well understood wrinkles in dress and in face; browns and greys not inharmonious; fine composition in chiaro-oscuro injured by sparkling lights on nose and forehead; a picture without tenderness or sympathy, with no unusual or elevated thoughts in it, but unsurpassably clever. And there are small pictures by other men who paint worse in the same way, Fichel and Lobrichan. Spain, seldom represented in America by a picture, gave birth and name to Zamacois, whose very able and interesting picture, "Contribution Indirecte," has come directly from the *salon* of this year. There is a large picture by Bouguereau; there are small ones by Preyer, the Düsseldorf fruit-painter, and Toulmouche, the elaborator of school patterns and fashionable costume; there are three by Bauguiet, who is a more graceful and less mechanical Toulmouche, and two by De Jonghe, a painter who is esteemed here fully as much as he deserves. But the names of these painters, and our expression of gratitude for the occasional glimpses of the highly trained art of France, must close our notice for this week.

On Friday next the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors will open their first annual exhibition at the Academy of Design building. We are told that the collection numbers some three hundred drawings by native and foreign artists, and that great pains have been taken to get together the best specimens of the art which could be procured.

Correspondence.

THE TALMUD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a highly gratifying feature of THE NATION that it gives a review of the reviews and other periodicals, and certainly more than one reader will feel obliged to THE NATION for having twice (Nov. 14 and 28) called the attention of the public to the article in the *London Quarterly Review* about the Talmud. Now, we have a proverb in German, "Ailer guten Dinge sind drei"—would you allow me a few remarks about the same subject, wherein I will confine myself to what is said in your articles?

It would be presuming on my part to add anything to the praise given to the article in *The London Quarterly Review*. The whole structure of it shows that it is from the same author who has written the valuable articles about Samaritans, Targum, etc., in "Smith's Biblical Dictionary." But if the critics in England point out that article as if the Talmud, like another Pompeii, had just been discovered, and as if nothing like that had ever been done before, they may be right concerning England, but not in reference to other countries, especially Germany. Original, striking, and vivid as the article is, and although many of its parallels are new and interesting even to those acquainted with that branch of literature, the materials and even partly the characterizing strokes have been brought to market (if I may use the expression) in the articles of the *Encyclopædie of Ersch and Gruber* (Sec. II, Part 27)—the second of which exists in an English translation made by the author himself—in the works of Zunz, Jost, Graetz, Geiger (partly translated into English lately), Delitzsch, to which may be added one book in Italian, viz., "Il Giudaismo illustrato," by S. D. Luzzato (late professor at the Collegio Rabbinico in Padua). The proverbs, the ethical maxims, as well as the practical common-sense rules (a distinction made by the Talmud itself, which calls the latter vulgar sayings), have been partly collected by Dukes, Fürst, etc., while the old *Florilegium Hebraicum* of J. Buxtorf fil. contains another valuable collection. The translations of the Mishnah and parts of the Gemarah, made by Surenhusius, Ewald, Dachs, Koch, Wagenseil, and others, I will only mention *per apostrophen*, as those fragmentary pieces—although partly accompanied with good notes—give only a faint reflex of the original in its whole, the more so as the casuistic part (called the Halacha) is written in a highly concise style, short-handed like mathematical formulas, and, besides, so abounding in syllogistic expressions that a translation is only a diffuse paraphrase in comparison with the original; the poetical and legendary part (called the Haggadah) loses by translation in so far as a characteristic feature of it consists in a kind of playing upon (biblical) words, especially with proper names. The parallels between

the Talmud and the New Testament have been drawn by Lightfoot, Schöttgen, Nork, and Otho (in whose Lexicon Rabb. it is, for instance, shown that every part of the Lord's Prayer is a current Talmudical expression).

But as the language in which the above-mentioned books are written forms a kind of wall for the public at large, it must be new and surprising that Repentance, Faith, Salvation, etc., are words *not* peculiar to Christian thought. To what is said in THE NATION I would only add that those and other words are translations of Hebrew or Aramaic words. The words existed before in Greek and Latin, but they received a new stamp. Just as the Arabic was, through Mohammed, enriched with Hebrew words (which could be done, both being of the same family), so the Latin and Greek were enlarged, not with new words but with new significations. All those words originated in the soil of Babylon and Palestine. There they have their roots, even in the grammatical sense. Repentance, for instance, is expressed by a word which signifies "returning" (to God, *scil.*). Sin means literally "transgression." To express sin, sinner (*offender*), forgive, etc., by the words *debt*, *debtor*, *remit*, etc., is derived from the Aramaic idiom. The word for faith has quite a different meaning in the old Greek "pistis" and the Latin "fides;" it has its deeper sense in the Hebrew, while the "oligopistos" of the N. T. (of little faith, "kleingläubig" in German) does not occur at all in the classic Greek, and is a literal translation of a current Talmudical expression. The devil—"diabolus," in our sense of the word—is a noun. The original Greek word is an adjective. Diabolus is the translation of the Hebrew Satan or of an Aramaic word (occurring also in Daniel iii. 8) which has exactly the same meaning as the English "backbiter." The old Greek word for God, "Theos," is used in the N. T. sometimes without the article, which shows the difference between the two significations. But even words which have apparently nothing to do with religion have undergone a change. The old Greek *Kosmos* means "ornament," and in this sense it is used in the Greek translation of the O. T., the Septuagint. A secondary signification is the Universe, on account of its wonderful harmony (the Latin "mundus" is the translation of it); but in the N. T. it is—in imitation of a post-biblical Hebrew word—used in the sense of our "world." (It has the same meaning in modern Greek.) Consequently there are two *Kosmoi*—this kosmos wherein we live, and another kosmos to come—an expression which would have been quite unintelligible to an inhabitant of old Hellas.

In short, the style of the N. T. is, with some exceptions, so thoroughly Semitic that in reading the Syriac version one would think he had the original before him. For the same reason it is astonishing that the recent Hebrew translation—made for missionary purposes—is so full of blunders of style and has no feature of the Hebrew of the O. T. that it ought to have.

Besides the Biblical criticism, there are other reasons why the Talmud ought to become a field of study, as is observed in THE NATION. The history of the church, Christian manners, and customs would occasionally get some illustration from there. As an example, allow me to recur to THE NATION of May 2, 1867, page 353, where mention is made of an article in *The Atlantic* about the preference of the East. The Christians of old used, in saying their prayers, to turn the face toward the east (Selden, *De Diis Syr.* Synt. II., cap 10, p. 325. Ascoli, *Studii Critici* II. 239). So it is prescribed

in the Talmud that those living in the west must turn their faces toward the east in saying their prayers; Jerusalem being then at the east, the east is to be considered as Kiblah (as the Arabians call it), the region to which to turn the face. But there is another passage in the Talmud (B. Bathra 25), that one R. Scheschet, who was blind, said to his servant, "When it is time for prayer let my face be turned toward north, south, or west, but not to the east, because it is the east which the *Minim* declare to be the holy region." The word *Minim* (plural of *Min*) is a general term for dissenters, and is applied in the Talmud to different sects; but it can be proved by other passages that this R. Scheschet, the same as his contemporary, R. Abbahu (who lived in Cesarea), had manifold controversies and polemical disputations with Christians. It is therefore highly probable that the quoted passage contains an allusion to the Christian custom of turning the face toward the east.

It seems that Renan, through his quotations in the "Vie de Jésus," and by what he says about the Talmud in his introduction, has awakened an interest (or shall I say curiosity?) in this book. However that may be, it is a *signatura temporis*, and the pages in which the Talmud is spoken of in such high terms are historical pages, and glorious pages, too. No book in the world was ever so much persecuted as this poor Talmud. Hatred and narrow-minded ignorance made an alliance against it, and the same *sancta simplicitas* which helped to burn Huss ordered auto-da-fés for the Talmud. What is the Talmud? The answer will nowadays be quite different from what it was some time ago. Covarruvias (in his "Tesoro de la lengua Castellana," s. v. Talmud) says the Talmud is a perverse and ridiculous book, full of fables (*libro perverso y ridiculo, todo fabuloso*). He does not say much more about it, for the obvious reason that he does not know much more. But that reminds me of what I myself heard some years ago in this city of New York. It was at a meeting of the American Oriental Society that one member, a clergyman, used, in speaking on some subject, the expression, "rabbinical fables." Rabbinical fables! That is an old traditional expression, but that soon will be out of fashion. Rabbinical fables! There is no literature on earth which has not its fables—only people call them not fables, but legends, Sagas, etc. Is not the whole mediæval science, history, as well as natural history, interwoven with fables? And it is partly from the Talmud that these fables emanated, as we find them in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the Arabian and Byzantine writers; but if people find them in Tabari or in Syncellus, they do not call them fables. A theologian at least ought not to speak about rabbinical fables; he ought to know that those rabbinical fables found their way into the Apocalypse, into the letters of Paulus, into the writings of Origenes, Hieronymus, Tertullian, and other fathers of the Church.

But never mind! The walls of prejudice are crumbling down. The auto-da-fés which did not light, but only burn, are no more. Instead of them we see the light of true science and investigation. That light was hidden through centuries, but there have always been some torch-bearers who carried it through the dark ages, and who left it to others to keep it after them, like those of Lucretius:

"Et quasi Cursores vitali lampada tradunt."

M. G—M.

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